The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. V—NO. 8. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1877. WHOLE NO. 261.

Philadelphia.

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Country Stores supplied with
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Mutual
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
EFFECTS INSURANCE on Real and Personal Property, on the strictly mutual principle, in Bristol and parts adjacent.
GEORGE W. RHAWN, President.
LESTER COMLY (Byberry P. O.), Sec'y and Treas.
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1084

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Incorporated 1825—Charter Perpetual.
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Opposite Independence Square, PHILADELPHIA.
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ASSETS............1,559,835 78
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JOHN DEVEREUX, President.
WM. G. CROWELL, Secretary. 289

J. B. BUTTERFIELD'S
MAMMOTH
GROUND FLOOR
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
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No stairs to climb. 587

JOHN K. WILDMAN,
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EXCHANGED FOR OTHER SECURITIES.

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Second Floor, PHILADELPHIA.
Orders received for the purchase and sale of all kinds of investment securities deal in at the Stock Exchange, including Government Bonds, State and City Loans, Railroad Bonds and Stocks, &c., &c. 551

MARIS & SMITH,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
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GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
GOLD, STOCKS, BONDS,
&c.,
Bought and sold on Commission.
Accounts of Banks, Bankers and Individuals received on favorable terms 2

MEDICAL.

The following are a few more of the many unsolicited certificates testifying to the efficacy as a curative agent of Dr James Williams' Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir

F. G. Williams, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: I have been so much benefitted by the use of "Dr. Williams' Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir" that I am anxious other sufferers from dyspepsia may learn what a certain and valuable remedy the "Elixir" is. I suffered a long time all the miseries of dyspepsia, and had recourse to all the preparations for its cure without any relief, and I abandoned all hope of ever being better, when at the height of my despair I was induced to use Dr. Williams' Elixir. I did so, and do cheerfully testify to its wonderful efficacy. Though the cure was gradual, it was certainly very efficacious. It is now twenty years since I was cured, and I have not suffered from an attack of dyspepsia since. So convinced am of the very great merits of the Elixir for the cure of the worst kind of dyspepsia that I have urged a number of my friends, similarly afflicted as myself to use the "Elixir," which they have done, and b which they have been equally benefited.

Respectfully yours, &c., J. N. PRICE,
N. W. corner Twelfth and Cherry streets,
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 21, 1876.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20, 1876.
Dr. James Williams:

DEAR SIR: Deeming it a duty to you and the public, I take great pleasure in giving you the following facts: About ten years ago I was suffering terribly from that fearful disease, dyspepsia. I took several medicines recommended for the cure of dyspepsia, but without effect. I was finally prevailed upon by Mr. Jos. N. Price, of this city, to take your "Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir," which I did, and can safely say it was the only medicine of the many I took that at all gave me relief, and have since been perfectly free from dyspepsia or indigestion. I am never without a bottle of the "Elixir" in the house and would not be, as I find it the best alternative medicine I can get, and I freely say to all sufferers. Give it a trial. If this will prove of any use to you, use it. Respectfully yours, &c.,

ISAAC EDELMAN, Carpenter and Builder Shop, 208 Keltan street, residence, 242 Madison street, Philadelphia. Office and laboratory, No. 7 North Tenth street above Market, Philadelphia. Treatise on Dyspepsia sent free. No charge for consultation L. A. HOGUET, Agent,
599 Bristol, Pa.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. If you can't get gold you can get greenbacks. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest cheapest and best Illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. The most elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports making over $150 in a week. A lady agent reports taking over 400 subscribers in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full particulars, directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive Outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address "The People's Journal," Portland, Maine. 839

$777 IS not easily earned in these times but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. $66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 Outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 744

Bristol.

J. Wesley Wright,

NEXT TO CANAL BRIDGE,

Mill Street,

BRISTOL, PA.,

Begs leave to announce to his many friends and patrons, that he is now ready to commence the

1877. FALL CAMPAIGN. 1877.

Having just received a large invoice of CHOICE FABRICS, suitable for this season's wear.

Comprising some of the Latest Novelties in

Dress Goods

AT VERY LOW PRICES!

BLACK ALPACAS, MERINOES AND CASHMERES.
Black Alpacas, Merinoes and Cashmeres.
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Black Cashmere at 40c. yard.
Black Cashmere at 68c. yard.
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Black Alpaca, (good) at 25c. yard.
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Large variety of Latest Novelties and Shades in Dress Goods, from 20c. to 50c. yard.

A LARGE LINE OF DOMESTICS.

Muslins and Calicoes.
MUSLINS AND CALICOES,
MUSLINS AND CALICOES,
MUSLINS AND CALICOES,

By the yard or piece, at very low prices.

Good Cotton Flannels, at 8c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 10c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 12½c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 15c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 18c. yard.

BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.
BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.
BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.
BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.

Our stock of

WHITE WOOL BLANKETS,

Finer than ever before, at prices that cannot fail to suit.

WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
WOOLENS! WOOLENS!

For Men's and Boy's Wear.

LADIES' CLOAKING in large variety.
WATER PROOFS in Black, Brown and Blue.

Flannels! Flannels!

A full assortment in Scarlet Grey and White, Shaker Medicated, Opera and Plaid.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Merino Underwear,
Ladies,' Gents'&Children's Merino Underwear.
Ladies', Gents'&Children's Merino Underwear.
Ladies', Gents'&Children's Merino Underwear.

Will open this week a large invoice of these goods at extremely low prices.

Laces, Fringes, Ties and Ruffles.
LACES, FRINGES, TIES AND RUFFLES.
LACES, FRINGES, TIES AND RUFFLES.
LACES, FRINGES, TIES AND RUFFLES.

GLOVES and HANDKERCHIEFS.
GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.
GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.
GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.

FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.
FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.
FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.
FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.

BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.
BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.
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LADIES' UNDER GARMENTS.
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Ladies' Night Dresses, Chemises, Drawers, Corset Covers and Infant's Slips.

Table Linens, Toweling and Napkins, Floor and Table Oil Cloth, Window Shades and Carpets.

Oil Cloths 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 8-4 wide.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

In large variety, consisting of China, Stone and Glass Ware, Tubs, Buckets and Baskets.

Fine Groceries at City Prices.
FINE GROCERIES AT CITY PRICES.
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FINE GROCERIES AT CITY PRICES.

At

J. WESLEY WRIGHT'S,

Next to Canal Bridge,

MILL STREET, BRISTOL.

A SONG OF HOPE.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMMERY.

The earth is sweet with the breath of flowers,
The air is keen with a new-born glory,
The soft winds whisper a tender story,
And rapturous lights thrill the yearning hours.
O glory divine! by the eye of the spirit beholden,
Thy splendor of beauty we see;
We have gazed on the sky, and the sun of the ages is golden,
And the radient stars of the night are dreaming and singing of thee.

The glooms of sorrow and dark despair,
Like clouds that cover the hills, have risen;
The soul has broken its iron prison
And love is free as the sunny air.
O glory divine! we have buried the curse and the rancor,
We have buried the doubt and the pain;
Our lives are as ships that float on the billows at anchor,
And the breath of a solemn peace has silenced the wind and the rain.

O long, long hours when storms of night
Swept field and forest, and rill and river;
When, with low wails and a deathly quiver,
The lowlands sank to a waste of blight!
O spirit of path! our hearts were as days that are darkened,
And the fruits of our life were thine;
No pitying ear to the moan of our anguish hearkened,
No voice from the deep unseen sang low of a dream divine.

For souls were bound with the weight of years,
To the low, black level of sin imbruted,
By the breath of a fiendish world polluted,
A world of horrors and phantom fears.
O spirit of sin! accursed, and forsaken, and wingless,
We groveled like dogs at thy feet;
The poisonous dreams of our life were godless and kingless,
And the blood-strewn dust of the grave seemed wildly and bitterly sweet.

To day the earth is a dream of love,
A dream of hope, and a dream of passion,
That blooms in the light of the sunflower fashion,
More white than the soft, white breast of a dove.
We are strong in the passionate splendor of hope victorious,
We stand on the corpse of the past;
Our hearts flow out in a pæan all joyous, all glorious,
And our conquering souls fly upward, like birds to the free air cast.

THE POWER OF SONG.

A correspondent of the *Boston Post* gets off the following, on the songs of George P. Morris, the genial and gifted Home Journalist:

ON HEARING THE COTTAGER'S WELCOME IN AUSTRALIA.

"Where'er is heard the English tongue,
Where grows a tree, or flows a river,
The songs of Morris now are sung,
And there they will be sung forever."

This brings to mind an anecdote which shows the influence of song: Judge Harris, of Georgia, a scholar, a fine jurist, and a gentlemen of extensive literary culture, regarded "Woodman Spare that Tree," as among the truest lyrics of the age. He enrolled it among his favorites, and never heard it from musical lips without emotion. On one occasion, the judge astonished a convival "gathering" by entering into the spirit of the song with all his soul. His daughter was seated at the piano, and as her rich, mellow voice sang stanza after stanza, the judge became visibly affected. At length, when she trilled out the words:

"My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And woodman leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not!"

"Touch it if you dare?" cried the Judge, striding across the room with clinched hand, while the eyes of every one present opened wide in wonder, "touch it if you *dare!*" It is needless to say that his defiant energy, and especially the passionate earnestness of the last words, made silence almost audible. The little audience were touched, and it was some minutes before a word was spoken. This anecdote should be embalmed. I venture to say that no finer compliment was ever paid General Morris during his long and brilliant literary career.

WHITTIER IN A BUSINESS LIGHT.—An intimate friend of the poet Whittier tells the following about his worldly affairs: "Years ago, when he was not so popular as he is now, while walking one day on Cornhill, he met Muzzey, the publisher and pill-seller. After some conversation Muzzey proposed to pay him $500 for the copyright of his productions and a percentage on the sales. Mr. Whittier was vastly astonished, but consented to arrangement. Muzzey brought out the hitherto ill-dressed and obscure children of the poet's brain, which he picked up here and there in neat and attractive shape. The sales which immediately followed astonished nobody so much as the poet himself but he gradually reconciled himself to them. When Muzzey died Ticknor & Fields proposed an arrangement with Mr. Whittier which was agreed to, and the blue and gold edition was the first result. The books were very profitable to the publishers, and might have brought something to Mr. Whittier but for the fact that the copyright he had sold to Muzzey for $500 cost him $1,200 to buy back, and thus all the profits on this edition were lost. Mr. Whittier obtained little or no money from his poetry before the advent of 'Snowbound,' which he himself considers a very indifferent bit of versification, its sudden popularity being one of the greatest surprises of his life. One day Mr. Brainard paid him a visit and found his house newly painted and improved. Looking about him, Mr. Brainard remarked, 'It is evident that poetry has ceased to be a drug in the market.' The next morning Mr. Whittier's answer came. It was in the winter, and as the poet went up to the fire to warm his boots preparatory to putting them on said: 'Thee will have to excuse me, for I must go down to the office of the collector.' Then, with a humorous gleam in his eye, he added: 'Since 'Snowbound' was published, I have risen to the dignity of an income tax.'"

THE OLD JERSEY MOSQUITO.—Hadrosaurus Foulkii is the euphonious name of the great lizard whose skeleton stands on its hind legs in one of the aisles, looking, as if about to take a kangaroo-leap of about a half a mile. Sidney Smith once said it was so hot that, to promote breezy circulation, he would like to strip off his flesh and sit in his bones; and so this lizard skeleton always looked most provokingly cool and breezy in the hottest of dogs days. It was dug from a marl-bed in New Jersey. If New Jersey antediluvian lizards were of that enormous size, what must the old New Jersey *mosquitoes* have been? One of them would have spitted a fat man through with his stiletto bill as easily as a modern cook would a lark, flown with him to the top of some umbrageous tree, and after stripping him of his flesh, would have picked his teeth with the poor—or rather the fat—man's bones. They say the South Sea Islanders always have a choice tid-bit of cold missionary lying on their sideboards; but think of one's body being kept as a relish for a New Jersey mosquito as big as an ostrich, and as inevitable and relentless as the undertaker or the tax-collector.—*Ex.*

Mr. Wm. Leighton, who has just published a tragedy entitled "The Sons of Godwin," is a member of a firm of glass manufactures in Wheeling, W. Va., but belongs to a family which at one time lived in Concord, Mass. He studied at Cambridge, and took the degree of Bachelor of Science at the Lawrence Scientific School. When he received the last proofs of his work Mr. Leighton discovered that Mr. Tennyson had already used up his entire plot in "Harold." "There is something curious," Mr. Conway says, "to think of a young man sitting amid the smoke and toil of busy Wheeling devoting himself to the same old scenes of English history which had fascinated the laureate in his solitude. But if Mr. Leighton, on his next attempt, should transmute some of that carbon to diamonds and set the steam whistles to music, he will be more secure against having his plot anticipated than if he ventures to Schliemannize on these old barrows which the English are exploring."

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—We find this new anecdote of Lincoln in some "Personal Recollections of Washington" in the Bradford, (Pa.) *Republican*: "At one of his regular receptions I was requested by a clerical friend to introduce him to the President, which I did with some rather flattering remarks. He said: 'Mr. President, I married Jeff Davis to his present wife, and nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to preach his funeral sermon.' "Well,' said Lincoln, 'that reminds me of an anecdote of Bob Tyler. He applied to a railroad official on a certain occasion for a special car to convey the ex-President, his father, somewhere, which was flatly refused.' "Why, said Bob, 'you furnished a special car to convey the corpse of President Taylor.' 'Yes,' said the official, 'and we would gladly furnish a car for your father if he were in a like condition.'"

MASBY'S THOROUGHBRED.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

"Isn't he a beauty, though?" Hank Masby held his head a trifle more to one side, held his hand up, and looked at him through his thumb and palm as though he had never seen him before. The thoroughbred, bridled, looked at the tender blossoms near him, and pawed the ground proudly.

"How about bottom?" Doctor Hope bit the end off his cigar, took out his match-safe, and prepared to light it coolly.

"*Bottom!* There's nothing like him in Ohio."

"That's saying a good deal, Hank."

"Put all I've got on him." Hank stroked the thoroughbred tenderly, and the thoroughbred licked his hand. Whereupon Hank turned around suddenly upon the Doctor with, "I'll back him against all Ohio for bottom and speed. *Bottom!* you'll not find his equal. *Speed!* the next thing to greased lightning."

"Price?"

"Doctor, I wouldn't sell him for ten thousand dollars." Again he stroked the horse tenderly. "What! sell Webster, that I've raised from the time he was two days old, when his mother dropped over Howell's rock? No, sir."

"Oh!" The Doctor whistled. Then he admired Webster, and Webster seemed to know it, for he turned and looked his admirer squarely in the face, as much as to say, "Do you really mean what you say?"

"But, I'll tell you what I will do," said Hank Masby suddenly. "Whenever you want to do something uncommon fast, just give me the word, and I'll put the harness on Webster here with pleasure *for you.*"

"Is pa there?" said a treble voice. "Is my pa there?"

Then a little face, with eyes, curls and mouth cast in an angelic mould, peered through the door.

"Hello!" exclaimed Doctor Hope. "One of your's, Hank?"

"My pet," said Hank, proudly. Then to the child: "Yes, dear; be there in one minute."

Then to the Doctor: "There's only one thing I'm afraid of, an' that is that Webster may let out on me too suddenly, some day. When his blood gets up, it takes powerful hands to hold him. Why, when I had him down to Cincinnati, I was caught on the road. A couple of brainless fellows—had less brains than the horse they drove—shied round me and Webster, flirted back an' forward like, and rushed past me every time, till Webster got tired of it. Leastways he made a rush, and the first thing I knew, I was in for a *leetle* the warmest pull I had in my life. About four miles of a spin, I reckon. But before we marked off half a mile, Webster here showed them fellows his tail. He just *more* than knocked the hind sight off their whole business. Fact. And then he undertook to overwork me. He kept it up. And there they were, far behind, Webster going it like a streak, and me sawing. Got the bit in his teeth. I wore out a brand new pair of gloves inside of six minutes, the peskiest job I ever had in my life. I'll own up to *you*. I laid back a spell and let Webster flicker. I haven't the least idea of the time he made. Then I picked him up again, got his head down, and brought him up. 'Twould never have done otherwise, you know."

"Papa-a-a. Pa!"

"Comin', Nellie. You go along now like a good girl. Now, Doctor, as I was saying, this horse——"

"O-o! Pa!"

"Now, little girl, what is it?"

"Miss Mayfield was here for you or me. And oh! pa, she says the rebels are coming down the creek by thousands."

"What's that?" Dr. Hope hastened to the door.

"And she says it's Morgan's men. She just shouted it, and ran on to Proud's and the rest."

"If that is the case," said Dr. Hope, "you had best look well to your stock, Hank, especially Webster, here."

"And oh! papa, Miss Mayfield said Morgan's men captured Richard Hope."

"How! My son Richard?"

Dr. Hope looked at Hank Masby. Hank returned his look, and saw that the doctor trembled.

"Yes, sir. And they've sent him up to Nixon with a guard."

The two men exchanged glances.

"The infernal villians!" exclaimed Hank. "If your son shows fight on the road, and like as not he will, they'll settle his hash. He won't relish the idea of being captured while home on leave. Blast the luck to all blastation, say I. The idea of those rascals raiding all through Ohio at this rate. Here, Nellie, do you go over the hill road to Uncle Dick's as fast as you can and tell your mother to come home and bring Sam and Harry. I'll bet my wife 'll teach these raiders good manners. Never quailed in her life. Mind, now, Nellie. Don't let the grass grow under your feet, and I'll buy you that big doll up in Cleveland."

But Nellie was almost out of hearing.

"See here, Hank," began the Doctor nervously, when Hank Masby interrupted him dryly.

"Now don't say a word. I reckon I know just what you're thinking about. It's kind o' fortinit you're here. Here's the very thing you need." He patted Webster affectionately.

"Why," said the Doctor hesitatingly, "the worst I dread is taking Dick down to some of their prisons. He might lie in some of their cursed pens till he dies."

"Well, now he won't then. If it comes to that all I've got is yours, Doctor. You've been the best friend a man ever had. I can't do too much for you. We'll just get some shooting irons and take the road."

"Leave some for your boys."

"There's plenty; revolvers, rifles and shot guns. I'll only take a couple of breech-loaders. Back directly." He darted off to the house, disappeared, and emerged quickly with the guns. Then he hauled out, with the Doctor's help, his new box-buggy.

"Now, Doctor, sling on the harness. This is business. We'll—see—that—the—shooters—are—all—right—when we're—on—the—road."

The buckles were snapped, lines adjusted, and both men seated in the buggy inside of one minute and twenty-two seconds.

"Now is as good a time as any to test the thoroughbred. I'll show you what bottom is, Doctor. If Webster don't surprise you—but see here. Perhaps we'd best go some slow on this. Them blasted raiders don't know Ohio. Of course they'll take the Nixon road. It ain't reasonable to suspect they know better. Now *we'll* take the road over the hill. Makes a clear, short cut of at least three miles. Reether rough, but Webster knows it; been over it."

"As you please, Hank, but for Heaven's sake let us move on," said the Doctor.

His face looked like a man suffering a spasm—the first weakness the man ever displayed in Hank's presence. It produced a marvelous effect on Hank, who gave Webster his head, and they shot back to the hill road. Webster bounded forward like an arrow from a bow, and Hank Masby's new box-buggy glistened in the glory of new varnish as the sun's rays were caught and flashed upon the airy-like spokes. Up over the forest-fringed fields, over the rough boulders, past the deadening on the hill-top, down to the meadows beyond and past the angles of many tilled fields. Farm houses came into view and whirled past—fairly shot away to the rear.

"Don't you think he will give out if you let him go at this rate?"

For answer, Hank whistled softly. Then Webster came out marvelously. They were now on a long stretch of good-road; the rough ground far behind them, and the spire of Nixon Court House beckoning them onward. The thoroughbred was going at a slapping pace. Doctor Hope deemed the speed alarming. Hank Masby looked at him, shook the reins, smiled, and the thoroughbred actually seemed to lengthen his strides, as though impelled by some hidden force.

"For Heaven's sake, Hank, don't abuse the beast on my account."

"Nonsense. I'm the judge. He is good for ten miles at this sort of thing. You look to the guns. They ought to be all right. Best be sure, though. Get the Sharp out; lay it at my feet—so! I know just what I can do with it. The other is a fancy piece Joe brought over from London. Brags on it. Great, for birds, they say. Don't go much on four-barrelled guns myself; prefer one, and never tried the sort that you have to unship. They do say the rifle is good for a mile, through.

"I know it, said the Doctor, grimly. "I've seen a man with a Joe Manton bring down his grouse flying in opposite directions."

"We ought to be able to make out the Nixon road now," replied Hank, meditatively. "How is *your* eyes?"

"Too old for that."

"Mine ain't; I see it. Now, look along than fringe of timber. Do you see anything?"

"Not sure that I can."

"Pshaw, man! See! they're going like mad—five men. Just as plain as the hand before you. It's a good two mile to the forks now. Now, I'll let Webster take his own time. If they see us before we have a chance to meet them at the forks, it will only give us a heap of hard work. Half a minute's worth a mint now."

"I see them now," said the Doctor.

"Hope they don't see us yet," replied Hank, through his set teeth.

He knew, or thought he knew, that one of those five men in the distance was a gallant young officer, and the son of the man he loved best.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, drawing a long breath, "you see us, my beauties. See that spurt, Doctor. Those fellows don't invite trouble. Good at making it, though."

Again Hank whistled.

"Webster, there's a man's life at stake. Go in and win, boy!"

The way the thoroughbred erected his ears at that was a sight to behold. Doctor Hope never wearied describing it. Although Webster was beginning to show signs of distress, his master's whistle infused new life into him. From that moment to the end of a remarkable race, his movement could only be compared to a steady rush—like the movement of a strong current, or the steady glide of a boat. The sound of his hoofs on the firm roadway was like the constant pattering of rain—swift-falling rain.

The roads were almost parallel. The pursued were striving to make the forks first. Hank Masby set his teeth and handled the reins in a way that made Doctor Hope pray that the interval between them and the forks might be lessened.

"Now do as I tell you, Doctor. When I drop the lines blaze away at your man. Let us both be sure we hit the right ones. Then when Webster stands stock still—he'll bring his hoofs down, you'll see, for all the world like a carved image—I'll hit mine, provided they don't surrender."

The thoroughbred verified his master's prediction. The box-buggy spun around the forks, blocked up the road. The thoroughbred halted in his tracks suddenly, panting, as if every breath would be his last, and a rifle barrel gleamed in the strong sunlight. Simultaneously Doctor Hope varied the programme by shouting "surrender!" Then another gun barrel glinted in the sun, and the guard over Dick hesitated a moment. Then it was that Captain Hope displayed the nerve that made him famous. He sprang fairly out of his saddle, with his hands tied behind him, and administered a tremendous kick to the horse next him. The rider, unaware of his danger, was carried forward by his bolting horse fairly against the buggy. Hank Masby ordered him to throw down his arms, an order that was promptly obeyed. Meantime Doctor Hope cried, "Throw down your arms or we fire!" Whereupon the remainder of the guard, seeing that fate was against them, and, relying solely upon revolvers and sabres, deemed it the part of wisdom to surrender. Their prisoner was in a neighboring field; facing them were two resolute men. Suddenly they complied with the order, and thus it was that Hank Masby's thoroughbred played such an important part in the release of Capt. Dick Hope, and the capture of four of Morgan's men. Ever since, the farmers along the Nixon road, when rehearsing the incidents connected with Morgan's raid, regale listeners with the story of the neck-and-neck race between the raiders and Masby's thoroughbred.

THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.

The *Forest and Stream* says:—

"The following poem was written by His Imperial Majesty Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, and was translated from the Portugese for the *Forest and Stream*. The cry of the *Campanero*, a Brazilian bell-bird resembles the slow tolling of a church bell. You hear his toll, and then a pause for a minute, then another toll, and then a pause again, and then a toll, and again a pause. Then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll, and so on. Actaeon would stop in midchase, Maria would defer her evening song, and Orpheus himself would drop his lute to listen to him, so sweet, so novel and romantic is the toll of the pretty snow-white *Campanero*. To the superstitious half-breed the note is one of horror, for he believes it to be the cry of a soul condemned to the torments that the Church prescribes for the damned."

We say, change three words and omit one, and the poem is identical with one written by John G. Whittier. The *Forest and Stream* has been the victim of an imposition.

In that black forest, where, when day is done,
With a serpent's stillness glides the Amazon,
Darkly from sunset to the rising sun.
A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,
The long, despairing moan of solitude;
And darkness and the absence of all good
Startles the traveler with a sound so drear,
So full of hopeless agony and fear
His heart stands still and listens, with his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll,
Starts, drops his oar against the gunwale's thole,
Crosses himself, and whispers "A lost soul!—
"No, Senor, not a bird. I know it well—
It is the pained soul of some infidel,
Or cursed heretic that cries from hell.
Poor fool! with hope still mocking his despair,
He wanders shrieking on the midnight air,
For human pity and for Christian prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb! Our Holy Mother hath
No prayer for him who, sinning unto death,
Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath!"
Thus to the baptized Pagan's cruel lie,
Lending new horror to that mournful cry,
The voyager listens, making no reply.
Dim burns the boat lamp, shadows deeper round
From giant trees with snake-like creepers wound,
And the black water glides without a sound.

But in the traveler's heart a secret sense
Of nature, plastic to benign intents,
And an eternal good in Providence,
Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes,
And lo! rebuking all earth's om'nous cries,
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic skies!
"Father of all," he urges his strong plea,
"Thou lovest all; thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!

"All souls are Thine; the wings of the morning bear
None from that Presence which is everywhere;
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there;
Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.
Wilt Thou not make, Eternal Source and Goal!
In Thy long years, life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul?"

South Carolina has decided that she will not maintain a free school system which will enable the black people to obtain education, and she has even determined to refuse her share of the Peabody fund if it must be accepted with the condition that the blacks shall have part of the advantage of its expenditure. That this is a direct violation of the solemn pledges given by Wade Hampton in behalf of his government is perhaps a small matter. Nobody believed that either he or his party meant to tell the truth. But it is, in the first place a great outrage upon the blacks, and, in the second place a grievous wrong to the State. Because former laws made education of a negro a felony, South Carolina suffered from misrule when the ignorant blacks obtained political power. They will remain citizens and they will have votes. They may be deterred from voting for a time, by the old familiar methods; but some day they will be wooed by two parties of the Democracy, and then the policy that kept them in brutal ignorance will begin to bear evil fruit. No community can afford to refuse enlightenment to a part of its citizens. Sooner or later, if the blacks are not educated, their darkened minds will not be able to see the light when it is of the first importance to everybody, their oppressors included, that they should see it.

Although Madame Eliza Patterson-Bonaparte's love of study remains, her fast increasing blindness deprives her of this resource. She has written a piquant diary, but her great work is reported to be "Dialogues of the Dead," the scene being laid in Hades, where her father and King Jerome rehearse her story. Her wit is still incisive, her talk interesting, her memory of the events of the country marvellous. She is a very practical woman, and has a large fortune. Her mother-in-law, Madame Mere, she describes thus:—"She was not tall; features like her great son; fine, mournful eyes; a manner touching and majestic. Pauline was empty headed, selfish and vain, cared only for luxury, but in every line exquisite as Canova's statue represents her. Hortense was not really handsome—irregular features, a wide mouth, exposing the gums and defective teeth, a blemish in her mother, whose faultless figure, kindly nature, and caressing manner she also inherited. She was lovely at the harp, and sang her own *romances* in a sweet voice."

Mr. M. D. Conway is the authority for the following anecdote connected with the late Lady Stanley: "Last year Lady Augusta Stanley's parrot escaped, and the Dean and a number of the clergy, including the Archbishop, who were with him at the time, went out into the garden to find the bird. The search was in vain for a time, but presently a voice came from the tree above, saying, 'Let us pray!' It was a familiar voice, and Lady Stanley laughed, then the Dean laughed, and finally the whole ecclesiastical group roared, as the parrot-cry came again, with unction, 'Let us pray!'"

"ROYAL AND NOBLE" GOSSIP.

A good many of the stories that are told of royal precocity are perhaps truer than they might appear at first sight, for princes are apt to be made much of in their youth as well as in their manhood, and their wits not unnaturally ripen the sooner under fostering care. History has few pleasant traits to record of Louis XIII; one is, therefore, the more glad to recall something which represents him at least, under a *naive* and amusingly pert aspect. Louis was never fond of books; and his aversion to letters caused some anxiety to his mother, who may possibly have heard of William the Conqueror's remark that an unlettered king was no better than a crowned ass. Deeply meditating on the subject, the royal lady decided that a love of letters must be instilled into her son's mind by the homely means of producing a slight irritation of the cuticle; and M. de Souvre, governor to the king, was ordered to take the necessary measures. The young monarch expressed a decided objection to the course proposed to be followed in regard to him. Seeing, however, that resistance was vain, he contented himself with begging a modification of the terms. "I see too well," he sorrowfully remarked, "that I must submit; but, M. de Souvre, go gently to work, I beseech of you." A veil may be drawn over the painful scene which followed. Next day the young king went to see his mother, who at her son's approach, rose and made him a low courtesy. "Oh, madame," quoth he, "show me less respect, and do not have me whipped." Louis may have heaved a sigh of regret, if he was ever told in his infancy of the honorable post of vicarious whipper to the king's most excellent majesty, which was once an institution at the Scottish court, and which, in his brother of Great Britain's days, had been no sinecure. More than one writer has made merry over this singular method of imparting knowledge to the youthful James; but if one is to judge by the result, it succeeded admirably, for there is no doubt that the British Solomon was a fine scholar. *A propos* of James' proficiency in classical knowledge, Boulier, in his "Souvenirs," relates an anecdote which seems to show that Goudomar was hardly so good a diplomast as some historians have been inclined to give him credit for being. He was talking with the king in Latin, and making numerous mistakes, at each of which James laughed outright. The Spanish ambassador at length lost his temper, and said, "The Latin I speak is the Latin of a king, and that of your majesty the Latin of a pedant."

As a rule, however, it may be doubted whether many boys have been flogged vicariously or otherwise into knowledge. The Jewish king who so earnestly inculcated the maxim which the Orbilii of this world love to quote, either did not himself put it into practice, or found it singularly inefficacious in the case of his own graceless son. And the truth about the boyhood of great men seems to be that they generally showed ability or character in early youth, but not so often an aptitude for the studies toward which their seniors desired more especially to turn their minds. Very curious, for instance, and significant, is the account which one of his biographers gives of the early youth of Lamennais. "In 1794," (he was then twelve years old,) "having been sent to live with an uncle, this relation, not knowing what to do with a willful boy, used to shut him up for whole days in a library, consisting of two compartments, one of which, called 'Hell,' contained a large number of prohibited books, which young Robert was enjoined not to read. But the lad already cared for none but books of reflection, and finding some of these on the prohibited shelves that division became his favorite. Long hours were thus spent in reading the ardent pages of Rousseau, the thoughtful volumes of Mallebranche, and other writers of sentiment and philosophy. Such a course of literature, far from producing its usual effects of precocious vain-glory and unbelief on so young a mind, served rather to ripen his judgement and to develop that religious fervor which was a part of his nature."

But to return to kings. Perhaps the line of sovereigns which has furnished the largest amount of material to the chronicler of scandal is the Russian; for the power of the czar and czarinas has in all generations been a very real one, and has consequently—such is human nature—been used in a fashion more eccentric than pleasant. Even the benevolent despots of Muscovy were persons with whom it would have been more agreeable to keep up a correspondence from the safe distance of London or Paris than to live in habits of intimacy.

Thus, one reads that Euler, who was invited into Russia by Catherine I., arrived there on the very day the empress died. Nevertheless, he remained in St. Petersburg for some years, including the period of Biern's ascendancy. The impression made on him by that cruel reign was deep and lasting. In 1741, he accepted an invitation from Frederick the Great to take up his residence at the Court of Prussia, where he soon arrived in due course, and was presented to the queen-mother. Her good-natured majesty noticed that the learned geometrician answered her questions with a marked timidity of manner. Gently rallying him on his apparent fears, which she knew she herself ought not to cause any one, "Why," asked the queen, "do you reply me, trembling and in monosyllables?" "Madame," rejoined Euler, "it is because I come from a country where, if one speaks at greater length and with more freedom one runs the risk of being hanged." Still more characteristic of the moral effect produced by despotism is a story told of Catherine II. The empress was one day looking out from a balcony of the Hermitage on the scene below, when she saw a woman fall into the Neva. She immediately sent assistance and the poor creature was saved. The next step was to bring her, dripping and shivering, before the Czarina, who had her dressed out of her own wardrobe, and otherwise carefully and kindly tended. Finally, Catherine dismissed her, after slipping a few gold coins into her hand, and bidding her come to the palace whenever she might wish to be married—for it was a young girl who had been rescued from the water. Once again among her friends she was naturally asked how she had felt in the presence of the empress. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "I was more frightened then than when I fell into the water." No wonder. A despot may occasionally be in a bad humor, and may then take disagreeable ways of expressing a parental interest in the concerns of his subjects. Thus, one bright spring morning, Nicholas I. (of blessed memory) was, like his august grandmother, contemplating the doings of his subjects from a window of the palace. The Neva was but partially frozen over and rapidly thawing. A great crowd was collected on the banks, watching a man who, with extraordinary courage and dexterity was crossing over to the opposite side, jumping from one block to another. The Czar despatched an *aide-de-camp* to obtain further particulars. On his return, the officer said, "Sire, it is a peasant who has betted twenty-five roubles that he will cross the Neva, and is trying to win his bet." "Let him have twenty-five stripes," commanded Nicolas: "A man who will peril his life for a mere nothing is capable of doing anything for money." To take away the taste of this imperial story, here is another and cheerier one, which again illustrates the better side of Catherine II.'s nature. She had noticed a woman standing for two whole hours in a time of bitter North-Russian cold, before the door of the imperial kitchen, and had sent a *valet* to find out what this might mean. The servant told her, "It is a woman who has a lover employed in the kitchen, and he is waiting for an opportunity of abstracting a ham and giving it her." "Go and tell her," said the empress, "to take care that she is not seen by the grand-chamberlain, for he cannot understand a joke." But one regrets that Catherine did not order the ham to be given to the poor woman, seasoned, if need be, with a little moral advice, but still freely given. Another anecdote of *debonnaire* royalty tells how Frederick the Great issued an order that no officer in the army should enter the royal garden, except in uniform. One day he saw a lieutenant of infantry lounging there in civilian costume. Though the king knew him by sight, the officer did not recognize the king, who entered into conversation with him and asked him who him he was. "An officer," was the reply, "but" (with a knowing look,) "I am *incognito* here." "I advise you to be off pretty quickly or the king may see you," answered his majesty good-naturedly.

INFLUENCE OF A NOBLE LIFE.—A pure and true life moulds hundreds into its likeness, though the copyist and the one copied may never know of the fact. And does not this give to life a dignity, a meaning which we never dreamed of in our grosser moods and ways of living? It is then, indeed, that one feels it to be a great thing to live!

The bill giving married women entire control of their property has passed both houses of the Connecticut legislature.

FISHERS OF MEN.

Down the calm river they leisurely floated;
There, in a nook that was shady and cool,
They brought out their lines, and their hooks were all coated
With bait, well adapted the fishes to fool.

Mabel was with them, and Lizzie and Laura,
Maidens light-hearted, and merry and fair,
Each bestowed smiles on her favorite adorer,
Destined, perchance, to fall into her snare.

Idly they played with their lines in the river;
Little they cared though no fish should be caught;
Fondly each hoped that the fates would deliver
Into her keeping the lover she sought.

Lightly they talked upon themes with which Cupid
Had lavishly filled both their hearts and their brains,
And laughingly said that the men were all stupid,
The while they were artly weaving their chains.

The day passed away and the fishing was ended;
Pleased with themselves the fair innocents looked;
They gaze on their victim, and each comprehended
The fish she had angled so long for was hooked.

Then back to the town the young men rowed lightly,
Their baskets all empty—that fishing was tame—
While on each other the maidens smiled brightly;
The fishers of men had won at their game.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S WORKS.

He desired to make London the finest capital in Europe. St. Paul's he proposed to place in the centre of a large square, and to have ample space around to afford on all sides a fine view of it. Other churches were to be erected in open and commanding situations. A street beginning at Aldgate was to be continued to Temple Bar. A noble quay was to be constructed along the river side for mercantile buildings and the halls of the city companies. But these and other improvements the conflicting views and interests of the many owners of the land, with other opposing considerations, rendered impracticable. The monument commemorating the great conflagration was the first public work commenced. It was finished in 1677, having been six years in building. The urn at the top of it was placed there in opposition to the opinion of Sir Christopher, who had intended that the column should be surmounted after the manner of the Roman pillars, by a colossal statue, in gilt brass, of Charles II., as the founder of the new city; or with an allegorical figure—a woman crowned with turrets and holding a sword and cap of maintenance. The first stone of St. Paul's was laid in 1675. In digging the foundations it was supposed that some traces of a temple to Diana would be found, as many stag's horns had been met with near the spot, but Sir Christopher, writing to the bishop of Rochester, says:

"I rummaged all the ground thereabouts, but could perceive no footsteps of such a temple. Therefore I can give no more credit to Diana than to Apollo whose temple the monks of St. Peter supposed to have been built on the same spot as their abbey.

Other works were carried on simultaneously with the rebuilding of St. Paul's—as the re-erection of St. Mary-le-Bow (or of the arches) in Cheapside, and whose steeple is so much admired. The wall, with the windows and pavements, of a Roman temple were found buried under the level of the present street when clearing the foundation of the old church of St. Mary. St. Dunstan's, in the East, is another of his admirably designed buildings. St. Stephen's, Walbrook, known to the virtuosi throughout Europe as a gem of the highest artistic merit, has been considered one of the happiest productions of Wren's genius. The exterior is plain, but on entering, the effect of its noble dome is striking; it is of beautiful proportions and elegantly decorated. If, as has been reported, St. Stephen's is one of the condemned churches of the city, all who have not seen this, in England, little-appreciated specimen of our great architect's taste and skill, should take an early opportunity of visiting it. St. Andrew's, Holborn, is one of Wren's churches, also St. James's, Piccadilly, both of them spacious, handsome and well-arranged. About the year 1678 Charles II. knighted his architect, and in 1680 he was elected President of the Royal Society. For obtaining the requisite funds for the erection of St. Paul's, a tax was levied on all coal brought into London, and, with the view of hastening on the work, the half of the architect's salary—which was but £200 a year—was suspended until the completion of the building. But these arrears he did not recover for some time after his work was ended. Even then memorials were presented, first to Queen Anne, then to the Archbishop of London, and finally to Parliament, before an order was made for the payment of the sum due to him. Sir Christopher's salary for designing the churches and superintending the rebuilding of the whole city was £100 a year, which was to cover all his expenses of models and drawings, making out estimates, entering into contracts, &c. The parish of St. Stephen was, however, so well pleased with its beautiful church, that the magnificent sum of twenty guineas was voted by it as a present to Lady Wren. The inadequacy of the great architect's stipend, and his disinterestedness in accepting it, were noticed by more than one writer of that day. In 1708 the cupola of St. Paul's was covered with lead, and the statue of Queen Anne, supported by figures representing the four quarters of the globe, was erected. The sculptor was Francis Bird. "The pulpit of St. Paul's was the work of John Lennox, who carved also the pulpits of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and of St. Margaret's, Westminster, the latter the most richly ornamented pulpit in the metropolis." In 1710—thirty-five years from the laying of the first stone—the last and highest stone of the edifice was laid by Christopher Wren, the architect's son. The cost of this fine cathedral was but £736,000. The interior of the cupola, painted by Sir James Thornton, Sir Christopher had intended to ornament with mosaic, like the dome of St. Peter's at Rome. He had even sent to Italy to engage skillful artists for the work, and had also planned a far more magnificent altar—the one put up being intended only as a temporary erection—but the persons who acted as his colleagues in the commission thwarted his plans and objected to foreign workmanship. The "iron fence" round the cathedral Wren disapproved of, "but," he mentions in one of his memorials, "the doing of it was wrested from me." In writing to the commissioners, when his labors were concluded, he says, "If I glory, it is in the singular mercy of God, who has enabled me to finish my great work so conformable to the ancient model!" The remaining works of Sir Christopher Wren include the designing of several of the fifty churches which, by an act of of Parliament, in the reign of Queen Anne, were ordered to be built, and the superintendence of the erection of the whole of them. In a paper he wrote on that occasion, on the construction of churches, he expresses an earnest wish that "all burials within them be henceforth disallowed, and graveyards around them abolished, and transferred to the outskirts of the town. Both customs," he asserts, "being not only unwholesome in themselves, but, by creating damp, tending also to hasten the decay of the edifice." Wren was an architect of Chelsea College, and erected a great part of Greenwich Hospital. He designed a palace at Winchester, a hunting-seat for Charles II., which was discontinued on the king's death, and the part completed used afterward for barracks. He was the controller of the works at Windsor. He built the College of Physicians, considered unsurpassed for its acoustic and optical merits, and reconstructed the spire of Chichester Cathedral, on a system which, by counteracting the force of the south-westerly gales, maintained it in its perpendicular position. Hampton Court has been esteemed the least satisfactory of Sir. Christopher's works. It was severely criticised at the time of its erection, and its low cloistered especially condemned; so much so that William III., in whose reign it was built, felt compelled to acknowledge that his own particular orders had been followed in its arrangements.—*Temple Bar.*

A NEW DEPARTURE.—The people of Kendall County, Ill., are becoming quite pious. In lieu of horse-racing, which is tabooed among other carnal pleasures, the Agricultural Board of the County have substituted $100, to be divided in four prizes, for the largest and best organized Sunday Schools. The Agricultural Board have not yet issued their programme for the next Fair; nothing is known therefore as to the manner of exhibiting the new classes, whether proficiency in the Catechism or the best-grown boy and girl for their ages will constitute the order of excellence. Curiosity is alive also to know whether the Sunday School children will be exhibited in the ring with the animals. The teachers of the various schools will doubtless come in for the awards and the children for the gingerbread.

"How can a woman make home more attractive to her husband?" There is no general answer, but in some cases the thing can be done by inviting the widow Smith around to spend the evening.

ODDS AND ENDS.

He denies himself who asks what it is impossible to grant.

Banana culture is successfully pursued in Southern California.

Twenty-five thousand watermelons arrived in Boston on Monday. Comment is not so necessary as a little tincture of rhubarb.

The marshall of Tampa, Fla., protects a large alligator in the river adjoining the town, in consequence of his valuable services as a scavenger.

Newly-married daughter—"How long does the honeymoon last, mamma?" Practical parent—"until you ask your husband for money, my dear."

She was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him, but, woman-like, she strove to catch him. What was he?—A mosquito.

For the small sum of twenty-five cents you can hire at almost any seaside resort a bathing suit that will make the sad-eyed little fishes stand on their bald heads and weep.

A New York schoolmaster told a young miss that the word "obligatory" meant binding, whereupon she laid her head upon her hand, and after a brief cogitation, handed the teacher this sentence; "The obligatory of my spelling book is worn out." He fainted.

A soldier on trial for habitual drunkenness was addressed by the president of the court martial: "Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness; what have you to say in your defence?" "Nothing, please your honor, but habitual thirst!"

"You are the dullest boy I ever saw!" crossly exclaimed a bald-headed old uncle to his nephew. "Well, uncle," replied the youth, "you can't expect me to understand things as quick as you do, because you don't have the trouble of getting 'em through your hair."

A man in Nevada was boasting of the wonderful scent of his dog and how far he could track his master. He concluded his yarn with the triumphant query, "What d'ye think about that?" "Do you want to know what I think about it?" said one of the bystanders, "well I think you had better go and take a bath."

An organ was sometime ago introduced in a parish church in the north of Scotland, and some of the members took offence and left. One of these soon after met another member, and inquired "hoo the organ was getting on?" "O, fine," was the answer; "jist blawin awa' the chaff an' keepin' the corn."

Madame X. has charming features, charming arms, charming hands—but she has monstrous feet. Just recovering from a long illness, she said recently to one of her friends: "I am still very feeble, but I begin to be able to put one foot before the other." "And that is not saying a little," murmured the excellent friend.

At a recent examination in one of the schools in Washington the question was put to a class of small boys: "Why is the Connecticut river so called?" A bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do you know, James?" "Yes, ma'am! Because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire, and cuts through Massachusetts!" was the triumphant reply.

Civilization is the result of a highly complex organization. In the snake all the organs are sheathed; no hands, no wings, no feet, no fins. In birds and beasts the organs are released and begin to play. In men they are all unbound and full of joyful action. With this unswaddling he receives the absolute illumination we call reason, and thereby true liberty.—[Emerson.

True friendship keeps no profit-and-loss account, posts no ledgers, strikes no daily balances, but takes gratitude for granted, and regards affection as always solvent. It has no clearing-house, carries on no brokerage of attachment, makes no bargain in the commerce of affections. With it "yours truly" goes a great way, and certainly, worn threadbare as they are by incessant use, no words have a stouter body of significance left in them.

If the waistless or *princesse*, close-fitting dresses go on growing in favor, we may expect to see ladies with their girdles round their throats and their frocks "gathered" round their necks. A small damsel, who appeared in an exquisite new costume the other day, let off the following which had the effect of dissipating the cloud she saw gathering on her papa's face:

My dress, you'll aver, is economy's own,
Designed with most exquisite taste:
From zone unto hem, and tucker to zone,
You can't find a vestige of *waist!*

From a work on the *Materia Medica of the Hindus*, recently published by Mr. George King, of the Royal Botanical Gardens, Calcutta, it appears that, notwithstanding the present extensive growth and use of both tobacco and opium in India, neither of these narcotics were known there in ancient times. Opium was introduced by the Arabs, and tobacco was brought hither by the Portuguese from America about the end of the sixteenth century. The "far country" whence the "sweet cane" was brought was India, and our modern word sugar-candy is made up of the two Sanskrit words *sarkara khanda*.

A minister was soliciting aid for foreign missions, and applied to a gentleman, who refused him, with the reply, "I don't believe in foreign missions. I want what I give to benefit my neighbors." "Well," rejoined the minister, "whom do you regard as your neighbors?" "Why, those around me!" "Do you mean those whose land joins yours?" inquired the minister. "Yes." "Well," said the minister "how much land do you own?" "About five hundred acres." "How far down do you own?" "Why, I have never thought of it before, but I suppose I own half way through." "Exactly said the clergyman, "I suppose you do; and I want this money for the New-Zealanders—the men whose land joins yours at the bottom."

THE TRIALS OF LIFE.—If you no not bring any strain to bear upon timber, one kind is as good as another. A splinter of a broom is as good as the best ash if you do not put any weight upon it—if you lay it down on the carpet and do not do anything with it. The only thing which shows the relative excellence of the different sorts is a pressure brought to bear upon them. Lead is as good as iron, or iron as good as steel, so long as they are not subject to any trial of their strength. And it is when men are tried in life that what they are is made to appear.

SINGULAR CAPTURE OF A PIGEON.—A blue pigeon, with red legs, lighted on board the steamtug Quickstep, of North Shields, Captain Chisholm, at 11 A. M. on Sunday last, the 29th of July. Seaham Harbor, on the east coast of England, bearing west, distant eight miles. Attached to his leg was a piece of paper, of which the following is an exact copy: "Edward is landed here at our house, and William is at work again. My uncle is a deal better; he is going to start work next week, so we are all well at present—Wm. Stoker, Quebec.—Sent up at a quarter past twelve o'clock." The bird appeared to be very tired and hungry. If correct that it was sent up at Quebec it would be interesting to know when? There is no date on the paper.—*From the Newcastle (Eng.) Weekly Chronicle. Aug. 4, 1877.*

A pious Scotchman, who had to cross the Frith of Forth by the Sunday morning steamer not long ago, was dreadfully shocked by the conduct of the English passengers. Describing the occurrence in a letter to an Edinburgh paper, he says: "No sooner had the boat left Granton than a good dozen of them pulled out books and newspapers, which they set themselves to read. I had the curiosity to ascertain the character of the publications, and my wish was too early gratified, the books and papers being exhibited quite conspicuously." One man in the most barefaced way read the notices in a weekly advertising sheet, while another held six inches from his eyes a novel belonging to a London circulation library. "Might not our visitors," asks the pious Scotchman, "if they must perforce travel on the Sabbath, at least reconcile themselves to our customs; or if that is too much for them, at any rate so act as to spare the feelings of those who have been trained to respect the Sabbath and keep it holy?"

TORTOISES AT WEATHER INDICATORS.—If there be any any truth in a paper read by a French savant at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, every well-regulated household should have one or more tortoises about the premises. According to M. Bouchard, tortoises take extraordinary precautions against cold weather. Their instinct tells them in the milder seasons when the thermometer is likely to fall to freezing point, and toward the end of autumn warns them also of the approach of winter. In both cases they take precaution to screen themselves from cold, and by carefully observing them, M. Bouchard has for years been enabled to regulate his hot-house. At the end of autumn, when the winter threatens to be severe, tortoises creep deep into the earth, so as to completely conceal themselves from view. If, on the contrary, the winter promises to be mild, they scarcely go down an inch or two, just enough to protect the open ings of their shells. Last January, which was so mild they even went about. Last month, the thermometer standing at 50 deg. Fahrenheit, our author saw his tortoises creep into the ground, and that very night the glass fell to 28 deg. Fahrenheit. On the 1st inst., the mercury being at 110 deg. Fahrenheit in the sun, one of the tortoises hid itself; on the following morning there was hoar frost.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—*No. 48 Radcliffe St., cor. Walnut St.*
BRISTOL, PA.

Thursday, September 27, 1877.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copies .... 5 cents.
One year .... $2 00.

—In Harrisburg there are two rival gas companies. They have not yet established a trades union, and the price of gas has consequently gone down to 90 cents per thousand feet, much to the comfort of consumers.

—An arrival from Sitka, Alaska, reports a deplorable state of affairs there. Since the withdrawal of the troops there has not been a semblance of law, and nothing to restrain the lawless element. Several hundred Indians menace the few white inhabitants, so that the latter are in fear of their lives, and meditate abandoning the country. The Indians plunder the Government buildings at will.

—A fire broke out on Monday morning, caused by spontaneous combustion, in the attic over the Patent Office Museum, in the Interior Department building, and spread throughout the north and west wings of the spacious building, destroying them almost completely. The greater part of the models in the Patent Office Museum have been destroyed, whilst the business of the Patent, Land and Indian offices is seriously embarrassed. The fire burned all day and caused heavy losses, several adjacent buildings being also damaged. The loss on the Interior building is estimated at from $300,000 to $500,000, and on adjacent buildings at $25,000 additional. There is no means of estimating the loss on the Patent Office models, about 60,000 of which are destroyed.

—Gen. Grant was met at the Sunderland, England, Railway station by the Mayor and Messrs. Gourley and Burt, members of Parliament. The day was observed as almost a general holiday. Nearly 10,000 members of trade and friendly societies marched in procession. Gen. Grant was present at the laying of the corner stone of the library and museum. Replying to an address of the friendly and trade societies, General Grant said he would simply renew what he had said relative to the way in which labor was regulated in the United States and the way in which he personally regarded it. In reply to an invitation from the Corporation of Stratford on Avon, General Grant has intimated his intention to visit the town on Friday next. He will be escorted to Shakspeare's birth-place by the Mayor and Corporation of that town, and will subsequently be entertained at luncheon at the Town Hall.

QUALIFICATIONS OF VOTERS.—Attention is called to the legal qualifications and requirements of the voter in this Commonwealth: He shall have been a citizen of the United States one month. He shall have resided in the State one year; or if having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen thereof, and shall have removed therefrom and returned, then he shall have resided therein six months immediately preceeding the election. He shall have resided in the district where he intends to vote two months, immediately preceding the election (instead of ten days as under the old Constitution). If twenty-two years of age or upwards he shall have paid a State or county tax which shall have been assessed, at least, two months before the same. Naturalized citizens must have been naturalized at least one month before the election. The date of our next election is Tuesday, November 6. All voters must pay their taxes (if that process be necessary), by October 6. It would be well for all citizens to keep these dates prominently before them, and attend to the duties of citizenship in time to allow of the enjoyment of its privileges.

FRAUDULENT ISSUE OF THE WEST PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD STOCK.—ARREST OF MR. MORTON, MR. STOKES, &c.—Yesterday afternoon warrants were issued for the arrest of John S. Morton, late President of the West Philadelphia Railway Company; Samuel P. Huhn, Treasurer; B. F. Stokes, Secretary; and George Vickers, late private secretary of Mr. Morton, upon warrants sworn out by Mr. Baugh, President of the Market Street Railway Company, charging them with conspiracy to defraud. Mr. Huhn was also charged with fraudulently altering the books of the Company; and with forgery. The warrants were issed by Magistrate R. R. Smith and were made returnable to him. They were placed in the hands of officers of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, but a considerable time elapsed before any of the parties put in an appearance.

A private note had been sent to Messrs. Morton and Stokes, requesting their attendance at Magistrate Smith's office, and about four o'clock Mr. Morton came alone, and was shortly afterwards followed by Mr. Stokes. They were immediately shown into the private office. After some time, Mr. Vickers came in custody of a detective, and finally Mr. Huhn. In the meantime, however, Messrs. Joseph R. Rhoads and John G. Johnson, counsel for the Railroad Company, Lewis C. Cassidy, Mr. Morton's private counsel, and Mr. Baugh, President of the Market Street Railway, entered the office and were shown into the private room.

The reporters were not admitted to the private office, but, after some time spent in consultation, the magistrate announced that Mr. Morton had been held in $10,000 bail, Mr. Huhn in $50,000 bail, and Mr. Vickers in $10,000 bail for a hearing this morning at 11 o'clock. Mr. Stokes was released on his recognizance this morning. Messrs. Isaac C. Price and W. H. Pennell became Mr. Morton's sureties.

Messrs. Huhn and Vickers were unable to obtain bail at that time, and were transferred to the custody of the detectives.

At half past 11 o'clock last night, Mr. Vickers in company with detective Franklin proceeded to the Station House on Fifteenth Street below Locust, and where there met by Magistrate Smith who was ready to receive bail. Mr. Henry Donohugh, liquor dealer, doing business at No. 3965 Market street, became Mr. Vickers' bondsman. Shortly thereafter Mr. Huhn, with his counsel, Mr. A. S. L. Shields, arrived, but as a sufficient amount of bail could not be obtained, Mr. Huhn was sent to prison.

A warrant was also issed yesterday afternoon for the arrest of John R. Nagle, publisher of the Centennial Catalogue, but that gentleman had gone to his home in Montgomery county, and consequently it could not be served.

Newportville and Vicinity.

Friday evening the temperance meeting was largely attended, the hall being crowded. A delegation headed by Mr. Laverty marched from Hulmeville, and were met by some of our people and escorted to their destination. Effective addresses were made by Messrs. Laverty and Clark.

A Temperance Club named the Laverty Club has been formed, and a committee is considering the propriety of fixing up the building opposite the hotel for a club house.

Temperance meeting Saturday evening; Mr. Clark will be the speaker.

C. W. P. Banks has resigned the Superintendency of the Presbyterian Sunday School.

Mr. Clark will address a meeting at Bridgewater hall, to-morrow evening.

Gospel meetings will be held in Neshaminy M. E. Church, beginning Sunday evening. The pastor, Rev. O. K. Cook, has secured Prof. Wm. Johnson and D. S. Anderson of Philadelphia to conduct the services.

Jacob Hellings and his son, recently, near Newportville, were thrown from their wagon, by being run into by a team of James G. Hibb's, injuring them, but not severely.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, September 24, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I do not know how it is elsewhere, but I know that in New York the recent African explorations of Henry M. Stanley, and his perilous march from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo river, have created quite a stir. We are a little like London on one side of our character, however frivolous and Parisian we may be in other respects. There is a geographical society here that is a fair rival of that English galaxy of savants who pinned medals on Stanley's breast, on the occasion of his finding Livingstone, and put the whole alphabet at the end of his name. So you can readily imagine that his ascertaining that the Congo and the Lulalaba rivers are identical has created quite a breeze among the old fossils who would rather know about the source of the White Nile than have a nice drive through Central Park, and a lunch at Mount St. Vincent. Personally I don't care whether the Congo is the Lulalaba or the Mississippi; but it gives me great pleasure to see my fellow-mortal made happy by the discovery of such a faraway fact as the one Stanley has just established. It is certain that the undertaking, however logical the results, has been a great one, and Mr. Bennett is to be congratulated upon the pluck and perseverence of his jungle and desert commissioner. I know Stanley personally and am not surprised at his wonderful success. He is the beau-ideal of the pioneer and explorer—short, thick-set, phlegmatic, swarthy, broad-shouldered, keen-eyed—that is Stanley. He has the first requisite of an explorer, and that is utter lack of imagination, if I may put it in that rather Celtic fashion. I feel positively assured that outside of siderial and other calculations to establish a route, Stanley's fancy never wanders ten yards from his African tent, except in espionage skirmishing for the purpose of weighing unseen dangers. With him it is simply to do, after being told what to do; and I really believe that he undertook the job to find Livingstone with the same *sangfroid* that would characterize his starting up town to interview Zach Chandler at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

That reminds me that our ex-Minister at the court of MacMahon, Mr. Washburne, has been in town. He stopped at the Astor House, and was busy all day Saturday talking to visitors and sending word to others that it would be impossible to see them. At the Metropolitan there is another notability, although she—for it is a woman—shines by borrowed light. I allude to the wife of John W. Young, the son of Brigham, and the probable successor to the throne of the Mormon kingdom. I see, however, that such a contingency is denied by Apostles Pratt and Smith, who passed through our city yesterday en route from Europe for Salt Lake City. Be that as it may, it is certain that Mrs. John W. Young is a most charming lady, who has such a wealth of personal and intellectual charms that I cannot imagine any ideas entertained about her except those of a close monopoly. She denies indignantly the statement that her husband intends to take to wife his half sister, who is only sixteen years of age. But may-be John hasn't thought it worth while to tell her about it.

The Tweed sensational examination is beginning to fall flat. He accuses everybody on every hand with such unblushing crimination of himself that the novelty palls, and people begin to feel disgusted. The implicated gentlemen can thank their lucky stars that society looks with suspicion upon every word the Boss says, and not unnaturally. On Friday last, in reply to Alderman Cowing, he said, without the raise of an eye brow, "It is true that I swore to such a thing in 1871, but I swear now that I committed purjury then." It is the character which Mr. Tweed is giving himself that saves those whom he is trying to besmirch. When the *Times* headed up its report the other day "Confessions of a Thief," it struck the nail directly on the head. And then again we are all beginning to believe that there is a political colored gentleman in the wood-pile of the testimony. Those who profess to be posted in such matters say that it is in the interest of Tammany Hall that Mr. Tweed is testifying, and that when he pumps this way or that way it is in obedience to the motive power communicated by a string, the end of which is in the hands of Mr. John Kelly. The theory accompanying these statements is that if Tweed will tell enough about Morrissey and other anti-Kelly people to hurt them to the extent where Tammany will be benefitted, it will be all the better for the Boss after Tammany shall have swept the field this fall. The papers have reported the investigations in the City Hall almost *verbatim*, the *Sun's* stories being magnificent specimens of short-hand and crisp descriptive work. Tweed always refers to them instead of to the official notes. The *Sun* has had about five columns of each days' work, and when I tell you that every line, outside of paragraphical introductions, has been done by one man you will be astonished. His name is James Connelly, and he is the husband of Celia Logan, sister of Olive Logan, whose new play, Love and Country, which is very bright, is to be produced at the Lyceum Theatre.

Speaking of smart women suggests Miss Juliet Corson, who is the Superintendent of the New York Cooking school, at No. 8 St. Mark's Place. No. 8 is an old fashioned house belonging to the Mitchell estate. With Miss Corson lives Dr. Sarah H. Brayton, one of the kind of lovely, intellectual women that Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade rave over. You can readily imagine that the house is saturated with an atmosphere of health-lifts, and brain-food, and all that. I can answer for the material repasts that Miss Corson concocts on the occasion of her weekly lectures, for I have been present and nibbled thereof. So strongly impressed am I with the new ideas of cooking that I have obtained in St. Mark's Place that I wonder how the pre-Corson barbarians ever got along. All of which leads up to what I intended to mention, namely, the little book that Miss Corson has just published for gratuitous distribution. It is called "Fifteen Cent Dinners for Workingmen's Families," and shows how a dime and a half will procure enough food for six people to make a meal of. Think of that in these days of depression in trade! I clip out the Sunday Bill of Fare and send it to you.

Breakfast—Cocoa and bread, 7 cents; fried lentils, 10 cents. Dinner—Bean broth, 10 cents; Haslet stew, 10 cents; suet roly-poly pudding, 12 cents. Supper—Cheese pudding, 12 cents. Total, 61 cents.

That is a dinner for six, mind you, and is much better than Mr. Beecher's bread and water.

Although the rifle contests are over, the Creedmoor excitement has by no means died away. I see that the sport is to be perpetuated, and that it is to have an especial organ, *The Creedmoor Rifleman*, which is to be a monthly paper, devoted exclusively to scientific gunnery and the National Guard. Messrs. Garnett and Russell are the proprietors. They published the official programme during the Creedmoor contests, and thoroughly understand their business. Garnett was a Colonel in the Confederate army, and is a graduate of West Point. He comes of a fighting Virginia family, and possesses the distinctive dash of the soldier.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre is certainly to be opened by Mr. Stephen Fiske, who was Daly's business manager. After the house has been redecorated, it will begin a new career with a comedy by Tom Taylor. Mr. Robert Heller has just arrived from Europe. He will move into the old Fifth Avenue Theatre, next door to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on Twenty-fourth street. The Olympic Theatre, which has been closed all summer, is to reopen as a Vaudeville sensational sort of a place, on the style of the London Alhambra. They are going to give Black Crook pieces, and have been stung around in the audience. I doubt if the enterprise will pay on Broadway. The Bowery is full of such concerns, but then the Bowery is a world in itself, and has its own laws.

One word about the cabs that I have spoken of so often. I had occasion to see Mr. Kavanagh, at Earle's hotel, on Wednesday last, and he told me that the hansoms would be rattling through New York in November. So I told him "Hansom is that hansom does."

SANS NOM.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

CHICAGO LETTER.

CHICAGO, September 22, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The uncontrollable desire of the depositors to get hold of their money, made an end of another savings bank this week, the victim being the Merchants', Farmers' and Mechanics', which goes into the hands of a receiver, owing $500,000 to about 2,500 depositors. Happily there are no charges of dishonesty in this case; the only trouble is that doubts were felt as to the safety of the bank. The institution had the greater part of its funds locked up in real estate securities. It was impossible to turn them into cash in a month, or, perhaps, even in a year. A depositor notified the President that he intended to file a bill for a receiver. The President did not want to go to the expense of legal proceedings, and he knew that the noise and scandal of litigation would add to the run. So he lay down. It is impossible to calculate the value of the assets, but they may be safely relied upon to pay fifty per cent. some time or other. There is the customary throng of sorrowing men and women in front of the defunct institution, and the run on the other savings bank—the Fidelity—has been greatly intensified. This concern owes about a million to depositors, and is fighting hard for time, proposing to pay its depositors, when their 60 days notices expire, only at the rate of ten per cent. a month, which, if allowed, will give plenty of time to realize in. But the situation is a serious one; the Fidelity may go, and some of the commercial banks may be involved.

But in spite of all this, business is beginning to improve. The sales of the wholesale merchants are better than for years at this season. The heavy crops have set the farmers to spending money, and that has its influence all along the line. Then, too, there are indications that real estate is beginning to rise slightly, in accordance with the prediction that people would shun savings banks, and put their surplus earnings into land. It is time for real estate to go up, for it has reached a depth which is drawing everybody to bankruptcy.

The Bible which the Rev. Father Grogan, Catholic priest, pitched out of the car window, has been found. He stated he cast it forth because it was bedecked with drawings which were not of the chastest description. An examination of the book, however, shows it to be free from anything of the kind, the only mark on it being a pencil-line around a consoling verse. It is pretty evident that the reverend gentleman fibbed a little about the matter, and that it was a dislike to the Protestant version of the Scriptures which induced him to cast forth the volume. The action of the Bishop in the case is unknown; it is not the custom of the church to make public its sentences, and the only indication of episcopal displeasure which the public will ever see, will probably be the Father's removal to some other parish. He has not yet applied for the return of the ten dollars which he, in the innocence of his heart, pressed upon the reporter who went to interview him.

It is now pretty well settled that Moody will not come here this winter, even though his engagements for the coming campaign have not been made. The Methodists and Presbyterians were ready to welcome him, but the Baptists could not be persuaded to join in, and so the thing fell through. For Moody demands, first of all, general co operation by all evangelical bodies, and next, that he must have supreme, unlimited, absolute control. If either of these is denied him, he will not come. General cooperation he cannot have, owing to the jealousy of some of the leading clergymen who do not like to be pushed into the back-ground by a person whom they look upon in their hearts as inferior to themselves.

But even if Moody cannot come, there is still some little religious zeal left in the city. Last Sunday morning the members of the Park Congregational church, which is heavily in debt, pledged themselves to the payment of various sums, which, footed up, makes $30,000. This was not done by the minister, but by the laymen. There is an organ manufacturer here who has a mania for paying off church debts. Not that he does it himself; no, it would puzzle the National Debt himself to clear off the obligations of churches. But he gets into the pulpit and talks, and does it so zealously and warmly that he induces men to pledge themselves for fabulous sums to free the church from debt. Not that these pledges are always met, but they serve at all times as a good excuse for not paying the butcher and baker. "I have promised one thousand dollars to the church, and when that is disposed of, I will have time to attend to your little matter," says my man to the grocer. So it does not follow that the organ manufacturer does much real good after all. But the fashionable dodge is to pretend to have all of one's means locked up in a savings bank, out which nothing can be gotten for sixty days. One little book representing $5 may be made to keep a hundred creditors at bay.

The political situation is assuming a sort of indefinite shape. The workingmen set out to organize themselves, and for a time under the stimulus of the July riots, it seemed not unlikely that they might make a formidable demonstration. But they are falling into the hands of the enemy; the politicians are getting hold of them and controlling their ward clubs, preparatory to selling out when election day comes. At present, there are in the field the Republicans, the Democrats, the greenbackers, and two sets of workingmen, one the Socialists or Communists, few in number, but full of energy, and laboring for a definite purpose, and the other the workingmen proper, who have no shrewd leaders of their own, and who are therefore the easy victims of the keen demagogues who are always on the lookout for the dissatisfied workingman. These workingmen and the greenbackers may coalesce with the Democrats as against the Republicans, or they may try to fight it out alone. Then besides all these, there is to be a citizen's ticket, irrespective of party, which will probably to a considerable extent be made up of the best persons nominated by the regular organizations.

There is a member of Congress out here who is ambitious to make a record for himself, and who will be heard from in Congress if he is as pugnacious there as he is at home. His name is Brentano. He left Germany in 1848 because he was a revolutionist. He settled here and edited a German paper for many years. He was elected to Congress last fall as a Republican by a slight majority. He recently got into a literary fight with Judge Drummond, of the United States Circuit Court, in regard to the alleged misconduct of a commissioner appointed by the Judge, and who, according to the Congressman, forced innocent Germans, arrested for violating the Internal Revenue laws, to pay excessive costs. Now he has fallen foul of an unhappy German editor who said harsh things of him—one Michaelis—and has had him indicted for slander. The slander was not very slanderous, and if the complainant had not been an M. C., it is doubtful if the Grand Jury would have found a bill. It is beginning to be understood that this same member of Congress will have to be treated with respect, and that it is not safe to say evil things of dignitaries.

The question of the unemployed is again receiving consideration, and it is proposed to embark on a system of public improvements in order to keep them as quiet as possible. There are thousands who have nothing to do, and nothing to live on, the failure of the savings banks having swallowed up what they had. The county is bankrupt, and cannot do much in the way of relief. So streets are to be paved sewers are to be dug, a City Hall is to be constructed, and everything done to put money in circulation. The idea of rushing off the unemployed to settle on farms has been agitated, and one of the city papers has a commissioner out examining the States of Arkansas and Texas, to see what inducements they offer to emigrants from the North. But the unemployed do not want to go; they prefer the civilized misery of a city to the rude comforts of the frontier, and cannot be induced to stir a step.

I spoke last week of the bogus Baronet, and the genuine son of a New York editor, who had married a girl here and then skipped the town. The loving couple have since been heard from at St. Louis, where they separated. Each was deceived in the other. She took him to be a Baronet, when he was a dead-beat, and he believed she had money, whereas she had but little of that and no reputation. The only mourners in the city are the hotel which he cheated out of a week's board, and a hackman who took them around town. By the time they got to St. Louis each discovered the deception the other had practiced, and they agreed to unhitch teams without waiting for a divorce. All titled strangers are now at a discount at the hotels here, and credentials are insisted on.

The ways of dealing with the dead-beats in the Chicago hotels are very different. In some he is pleasantly kicked out, with a hint not to come back again, which he generally takes. But in others he is treated with ingenious cruelty. The Palmer is notable for this. Not long ago a man caught in the act of sponging on the tavern was tied up to one of the pillars in the entrance hall, and was kept on exhibition there for an hour or more, until all the servants had learned his features. While another was asleep in his room, a servant went in with a pass key and took away his clothes. After he had suffered half the day, he was furnished an eccentric rig made up from the cast-off garments of the waiters, had his photograph taken, and was dismissed with a gentle warning to sin no more. Some of these sufferers complain of the indignities to which they have been subjected, and threaten legal proceedings, but they have not begun them up to date.

W. H. H.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

The Continued Success of the Turks.

The condition of affairs in Turkey up to this writing continue unfavorable to the invaders and the continued Russian disasters create general uneasiness, particularly at Belgrade, where everything was prepared for the crossing of the Danube at Gladova by the Russians and their reception in Negatin and the Timok villages. It is announced that the Cabinet have agreed to postpone entering on action, and the troops who were marching to the frontiers have been recalled into towns not so near the border, in order to give no umbrage to the Porte.

RUSSIAN DEFEAT ON THE LOM.

On the 17th a desperate engagement was fought in the valley of the Lom on that day. Thirty-two battalions of infantry and eight batteries, comprising the whole of the troops under the command of the Czarewitch, attacked Assaf Pacha's division at Strankeny. The Turks were strongly reinforced at once, and the Russians were driven back with great slaughter.

SKOBELEFF PROMOTED.

General Skobeleff, who is now in Bucharest has been appointed to the command of the Sixteenth Division, before Plevna. He has decided to start for his command immediately, although suffering from a fever.

THE SALZBURG CONFERANCE.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times*, whose information on diplomatic matters is conspicuous, accurate and thorough, makes the following comment on the conference at Salzburg between Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy: "Its importance ought not to be underrated, not only as regards Germany and Austria, but touching the eastern question itself. The Triple Alliance has become a woful anachronism since Russia stepped out of it and took her own line; but it must not be forgotten that it had deeper meaning, and as regards that, happily not only for the parties concerned but for Europe at large, it still exists, and it may be hoped will be strengthened anew by the Salzburg interview. Except for the apparatus of permanent mediation, constantly at work since the Berlin meeting in 1872, which laid the foundation of the Triple Alliance, to smooth down the differences which exist between the interests of Austria and Russia regarding the solution of the Eastern question, probably by this time, instead of a local struggle, Europe would have found itself in the midst of an European war."

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REVERSE.

In consequence of the terrible defeat suffered by the Russians at Plevna it has cast a ray of gloom over their prospects, and has created a general belief that the Turks are decidedly the better soldiers. The Russian loss at Plevna is estimated at 20,000 men, but large reinforcements have since arrived and the strength of the army is now estimated at 50,000. The Russian medical staff is overwhelmed, and great numbers of wounded are literally rotting and festering, being uncared for. As for the Roumanian army its surgical arrangements are utterly inadequate. The surgeons make no concealment of the fact that a wounded man's time for being looked at comes, on an average, two days after he has been struck.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN DEFEAT.

At Biela a great battle was fought on Friday last continuing from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M., resulting in the total defeat of the Russians with a reputed loss of 12,000 killed, 18,000 wounded and 2,000 prisoners.

THE WAR TO CONTINUE.

Reliable information states that the Porte will not accept mediation while a single Russian soldier remains on Turkish soil, nor will he consent to an armistice unless the basis of subsequent peace proposals are at the same time defined.

MORE FIGHTING IN SHIPKA PASS.

A Russian official bulletin says:—The Turks renewed the bombardment of the Shipka Pass positions on Friday from fourteen mortars. At one o'clock in the afternoon they began an assault on the right flank, but were repulsed. They then attacked the left and centre, and were likewise repulsed. The fighting lasted until night. It is thought the attack will be renewed.

—At a dancing party near Trumbowerville, last Saturday evening, a team belonging to John E. Oberholtzer, of Rockhill, dissappeared, and was not recovered until Sunday afternoon, when it was found near Richlandtown by a Mr. Roberts, who brought it to the owner. Whether the horse loosened himself or was taken away by some person is not positively known.

—Henry McCue of Newtown, Smith Buckman's farmer, while in the stable at the hay market, Philadelphia, last week was about feeding his horses when one of them kicked him as he entered the stall and trampled him under its feet, breaking his leg below the knee. He was taken to the St. Mary's (Catholic) hospital.

—Horace Hedge and a young girl, named Cadwallader, were baptised in the Delaware, at Yardleyville, on Sunday last, by the pastor of the Advent Church, in the presence of quite an assembly of citizens.

—The *Democrat* says that it is rumored that Wm. Blinn formerly a tobacconist at Newtown and now of Trenton, has shown evidences of insanity.

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(THREE ADJOINING STORES),

Corner Ninth and Market Streets,

PHILADELPHIA. 11

☞ For gentlemen's cheap furnishing goods go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ For cheap clothing go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ A $1-50 Book for 10 cents at Callanan's.

☞ For clothing made to order from samples, go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ For cheap hats go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work, is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

Special Notices.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,
For the Cure of Consumption, Coughs and Colds.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, &c.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach, creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases of Indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, &c.

These Pills are alterative, and produce a healthy action of the liver without the least danger, as they are free from calomel, and yet more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood. The combined action of these medicines as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines persevered in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines for sale by all druggists.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.—If this axiom is true respecting the ordinary affairs of life, still more obviously so as regards the exigencies of approaching disease. Unquestionably! Yet how many neglect to practically recognize this plain truth when health is in the balance. Of the many premonitory symptoms of disease a hacking cough is the most prophetic of peril. Arrest it at the outset with DR. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL, and so avoid Consumption, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, and indeed, all Affections of the Respiratory Organs are entirely cured by this sovereign remedy, which also eradicates Dyspepsia, Gravel, Piles, Nervous Debility, Torpidity of the Liver, Urinary Difficulties, Constipation, Palpitation of the Heart, Scrofulous Affections, and the infirmities peculiar to the gentler sex. This Cordial derives its virtues from the vegetable kingdom, and is infinitely to be preferred, both on account of its superior efficacy and freedom from nauseous and injurious properties to the officinal drugs so often administered with no other effect than to offend the palate and disorder the stomach. The PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL can always be relied on to do what is claimed for it. Sold by all druggists. Principal depot, No. 916 Filbert street, Philadelphia. 604

JOHN W. EARLEY,
Wholesale and Retail
Cheap Toy and Variety Store,
NO. 103 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Express Wagons, Rocking Horses
Baby Coaches, Wax Dolls,
Mechanical Toys, Wheelbarrows,
596 Patent Doll Heads and Bodies.

DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS most persons are liable to complaints of the stomach and bowels—pain, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery, &c. Every family should have something on hand to correct the trouble at once, for, besides the annoyance, the disease is greatly aggravated by its continuance. PURSELL'S CHOLERINE MIXTURE has been in use for several years and with good results. No better remedy can be used. 667

Hemorrhoids or Piles
Permanently eradicated in two to four weeks. No knife, ligature or caustic used. No charge until cured. No failures. Send for circulars. DRS MARTIN & FERRIS, 1107 Chestnut St., Philada. 859

Miscellaneous.

DR. THOMAS,
COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 63,600 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office
912 Walnut Street, (South Side),
977 Philadelphia.

SPECIAL NOVELTIES
IN
House-Furnishing MATERIALS,
The Best Productions of
MODERN INDUSTRIAL ART.

EVERY article used in fitting up an apartment or dwelling house, CURTAINS, CURTAIN HANGINGS, FURNITURE COVERINGS, EASTLAKE, QUEEN ANNE AND JACOBEAN FURNITURE, including the selections of Carpets and Paper Hangings.
Friends, Customers, Strangers visiting the city and the public generally, are cordially invited to call and examine the large and varied stock and the very reasonable price at which it is offered.

WALRAVEN,
1105 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADLLPHIA. 31

J. C. MANNING,
Trimmings, Notions & Fancy Goods.
Fringes, Laces,
Silks, Satins,
Trimmed Hats,
Kid Gloves,
Hosiery, Corsets,
Underwear,
Hair Switches,
Germantown Wool
and Zephyrs, &c.
87 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.
Next to the "Trenton House." 30

PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WANTED in every town and city to procure subscribers for the "WORKING CHURCH." The Premium Steel Engraving, 2 ft. x 2 ft. 6 in., "the Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," is presented to each subscriber, for only $1.25 per year. This picture is universally admired and should be in every household. Extra large cash commissions paid to agents.
Write for terms and agent's outfit.
WORKING CHURCH PUB. CO.,
29 7 & 9 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

DOYLESTOWN AGRICULTURAL & MECHANICS INSTITUTE
WILL HOLD THEIR FALL FAIR
October 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, 1877,
AT DOYLESTOWN, BUCKS COUNTY, PA.
THREE DAYS TROTTING. Liberal premiums offered. Entries close Sept. 22, at 9 o'clock P. M.
16 J. WATSON CASE, Secretary.

NEW MILLINERY STORE.
MRS. DANIEL MACCORKLE
HAS OPENED IN HOGUET'S BUILDING, CORNER OF MILL and CEDAR STREETS, a New Millinery Store for the sale of Millinery, Ribbons, Ties and Ruching a specialty. Also Jet and Gutta Purcha Sets, Silk Handkerchiefs, &c., &c. 8

GREAT REDUCTION.
Branson KNITTING Machines.
137 N. Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
PRICE LIST.

No. 1 Machine, with 60 Needles,	$10.00,	formerly	$20
No. 2	" 72 "	11.00,	"	21
No. 3	" 84 "	12.00,	"	24
No. 4	" 100 "	12.50,	"	25

14 (Six extra needles sent with each Machine.)

MISS MERRIAM'S Family and Day School for Girls,
AT BRISTOL, PA.,
WILL REOPEN ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th. A distinct Primary Department will be added to the school. For Circulars, address until September 1,
MISS A. MERRIAM,
715 Westborough, Mass.

The Bristol Friends' School,
FOR MEMBERS AND OTHERS, of both sexes, will re-open on SECOND-DAY, the TENTH of NINTH MONTH (September), 1877. For circulars, terms, and other particulars, apply to
S. A. MITCHELL, Principal.
ANTHONY SWAIN, President.
Or C. T. IREDELL,
886 Treasurer of Committee.

Timothy Seed.
NEW TIMOTHY SEED for sale at Newportville Mill. All kinds of Grain taken in exchange for Seed. Highest cash prices paid for Wheat, Rye and Corn. ISAAC C. FETTER,
901 Newportville Mills, Bucks County, Pa.

WILLIAM STUCKERT, Doylestown. JOHN C. STUCKERT, Bristol.
WM. & J. C. STUCKERT, Attorneys at Law.
OFFICES—Doylestown and Bristol, Bucks Co., Pa. 818

Notice to Trespassers.
NOTICE is hereby given that all persons are forbid trespassing and loafing on my premises at the Bath Springs, or they will be dealt with according to law. JARED HELLINGS.
845

Lot of Manure for Sale.
I HAVE a fine lot of GOOD HORSE STABLE MANURE at private sale, at Newportville Mills. ISAAC C. FETTER, Newportville, September 6, 1877. 7

A Rare Chance.
A PHYSICIAN'S PROPERTY AND PRACTICE FOR SALE, located in the central part of Bucks county. Reason for selling: poor health. Address, GAZETTE Office, Bristol, Pa. 13

For Sale.
ONE Seven per cent. First Mortgage of $800 One ditto of $1,000.
766 JOSHUA PEIRCE.

Miscellaneous.

Clothing Ready Made.

THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST ASSORTMENT IN TRENTON.

OVERCOATS FOR MEN, YOUTHS AND BOYS.
Dress Suits, Business Suits, School Suits,
In full variety, of honest materials, well made and trimmed, at right prices. We buy everything for cash and WE KNOW that we sell Clothing cheaper than the large cities *for the same quality of goods.*

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.
A full line of American and Foreign Goods on hand TO MAKE TO ORDER. Increased effort to secure handsome fitting, stylish garment assured. We invite your patronage.

SINCLAIR, VANNEST & WEST,
33 East State Street, Trenton, N. J. 908

For the fall of 1877 we have, at the present time, fifty Cutters manufacturing rapidly the new stock and have

$1,000,000 NOW READY.

The Best Clothing for Men and Boys

THAT CAN BE MADE.

We will sell the same quality of Goods from 10 to 25 per cent. cheaper than it can be sold elsewhere, and we believe, because of the make and character of materials, our goods will last longer, and always give greater satisfaction.
We give buyers a chance to compare our Goods that no one else gives, inasmuch as any article can be kept on approbation 10 full days and be returned for the money paid, if desired.

SOUND SENSE.

To put what we have to say in a nut-shell, our customers get their Clothing for the smallest amount of money, and the Goods, because of careful make and well-chosen materials, lasts a greater length of time.
☞ Accept this cordial invitation to come and see our great stock for 1877.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
Oak Hall, Sixth and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

25

For School Books and Stationery,
GO TO
BREARLEY & STOLL'S New Store,
26 E. State Street, Trenton.
CROQUET, BASE BALLS, BATS, PICTURE FRAMES, &c. 570

Reliable House. Bottom Prices
WEST, CLARK & CASE,
Wholesale Grocers,
STOCKTON STREET, TRENTON, N. J.
615

CHAS. STAKEMAN,
The Jeweler,
NO. 19 EAST STATE STREET, TRENTON, N. J.
HAS the most complete stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds, Silver Ware Clocks, Gold and Steel Spectacles and Eye Glasses, Gold Neck, Guard and Vest Chains, Spoons Knives, Forks and Napkin Rings, fine Solid Silver Goods made especially for bridal gifts, and a large variety of other goods generally kept in a first-class Jewelry Store. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. (619) NO. 19 EAST STATE STREET.

JOHN E. THROPP. DUNCAN McKENZIE. PETER WILK
THROPP, McKENZIE & WILKES,
Manufacturers of
Steam Engines,
BOILERS, MILL WORK, SHAFTING,
Pulleys, Hangers, and all kinds of Pottery Machinery,
Foot of Taylor Street. Trenton, N. J. 704

THE FARMERS' FRIEND GRAIN DRILL!
Sows all kinds of Grain, Grass Seed, and Phosphates,
Distributing very evenly; quantity easily changed, without loose wheels, and is to-day the best drill made.
Champion in every contest.
Superior to all others.
Favorite wherever used.
SEE THE FARMER'S FRIEND BEFORE YOU BUY.
For sale by
L. L. WHITE,
887 Yardleyville, Pa.

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,
PERSONS IN WANT OF
TINWARE
of the best quality and manufacture, will find it at
C. C. DOUGLASS'
Stove & Tinware Store.
ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 30

TREES! TREES! TREES!
Fruit, Shade and Evergreen.
TO REDUCE OUR STOCK WE WILL SELL FOR CASH
Bartlett and Seckel Standard Pear Trees,
At $15 per One Hundred.
We would call the attention of persons wishing trees for street planting or for quick shade, to the Black Italian Poplar and Shining Leaved Willow. For quick growth and beauty of appearance these two varieties of trees cannot be excelled.
JOHN SHERWOOD & SON,
1 mile below Schenck's Station, 2½ below Bristol. 776

Borough Tax Notice.
TO THE TAX-PAYERS OF BRISTOL! You are hereby notified that I have the Borough Tax Duplicate to collect, and that it is necessary that the Tax be collected before November 1st, to settle the duplicate on that date. Those that have not paid their Borough Tax will please call at my office and settle the same, and they can also settle their School Tax for 1877. C. S. BAILEY,
13 Collector.

Clawson Seed Wheat.
500 BUSHELS CLAWSON SEED WHEAT for sale, on the Trevose Farm. Price, $1.75. Apply to C. W. TAYLOR, or STRICKLAND KNIGHT.
Hulmeville, August 27th. 900

ROBERT KENNEDY,
WHOLESALE
Chair and Cabinet
MANUFACTORY.
No. 5 Chancery Street, Trenton, N. J.
EXTENSION TABLES, &c. 575

Watches. Watches. Watches.
AT COOK & JAQUES', TRENTON.
Engagement and Wedding Rings
on hand and to order,
AT COOK & JAQUES', TRENTON.
Ladies Opera and Leontine Chains,
AT COOK & JAQUES, The Jewellers
The latest in Solid and Choice Neck Chains, Lockets, and Crosses, at
COOK & JAQUES,
568 THE JEWELERS OF TRENTON, N. J.

A. HAMMER,
Keeps constantly on hand a full line of
Hardware, Guns, Revolvers,
Hunting Apparatus and Fishing Tackle,
and will sell the same at greatly reduced prices.
Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to.
7 SHOT REVOLVERS, full Nickle plate. $2.50.
ASSANPINK BLOCK, GREENE STREET,
818 TRENTON, N. J.

H. C. LOVEJOY'S
PHOTOGRAPHIC ART GALLERY,
No. 10 West State Street.
TRENTON, N. J.
Photo-Miniatures, Photographs, Ferrotypes, Frames, Etc. Particular attention paid to copying. 623

Persons Wanting
MILLINERY, TRIMMINGS,
Ladies' and Children's Underwear,
WILL DO WELL TO CALL AT
23 E. State St., Trenton,
BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE, where they will find a large and well selected stock at prices lower than ever before offered. Also full line of
HAIR GOODS.
COMBINGS made up at the shortest notice.
E. A. BUCHANAN,
23 E. State Street, Trenton, N. J.
N. B.—Stamping and Embroidery done to order.
768

Groceries, Provisions and Notions.
MONTGOMERY & SON,
WILL OPEN THEIR NEW STORE No. 7 DORRANCE STREET, Bristol, on the 4th of September, where will be kept constantly on hand CHOICE GROCERIES, NOTIONS, &c., which we will sell as cheap as can be sold anywhere for the same quality of goods.
Thankful for past favors, we solicit a share of patronage.
N. B. Country Produce taken in exchange. 911

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, September 27, 1877.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives 8.00, A. M., 3.00, 5.00 and 8.00 P. M. Closes 5.45 and 9.30, A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK WAY MAILS.—Close at 7.45, A. M. and 3.30 P. M.

TRENTON.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., 5.00 and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.15, 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND OFFICES ON THE BELVIDERE DELAWARE R. R.—Arrive at 5.00 P. M., and close at 7.15 A. M.

MORRISVILLE.—Arrives at 11.00 A. M., and 5.00 and 6.30 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN AND DOLINGTON.—Arrive at 10.00 A. M., and close at 10.45 A. M.

Mails for the South and West go by every Philadelphia mail.

Letters not called for are advertised every Thursday in the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Office hours from 7.00 A. M., to 8.30 P. M.

W. B. BAKER, Postmaster.

The GAZETTE has the largest circulation, with a single exception, of any weekly newspaper published in Bucks County.

SORTS.

—The Bucks County Sabbath School Association, will meet at Bristol, October, 10th.

—Temperance meetings will hereafter be held Friday evenings instead of Sunday afternoon.

—Temperance meeting to-morrow evening at Mill Hall on Buckley street. Dr. Parmlee will be the orator.

—The Nelly White has something new—an express messenger between Bristol and the city. John Miligan is the man.

—Edmund Lawrence has purchased 100 feet of ground on Pine street from Samuel Swain, and 100 feet from Arthur Dorrance, and intends building ten double frame houses thereon.

—Charles York has also bought of Mr. Swain 110 feet of ground adjoining Mr. Lawrence's purchase, and will erect six houses.

—The Doylestown Fair commences next Tuesday. There should be a good turn out, as the managers have made every arrangement necessary for the accommodation of the people.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday evening, September 26th: H. H. Ayres, Alfred Barton, John Milnor, E. T. Pestley, John W. Ridley, Jacob Taylor, Lizzie Yates.

—The October number, which is the fourth issue of *The Anchor*, an amateur journal conducted by Charles E. Hellings, Shady Side, has been received. It is neatly printed and creditably written.

—Last Friday, a young son of Clyde Stackhouse, near Emilie, with his little brother were playing in a corn-field, and had a pistol, which was discharged, wounding the little one, it is feared, fatally.

—Hon. Victor Piollett, Master of the Pennsylvania State Grange, and M. E. Whitehead, Past Master of the New Jersey State Grange, were announced to address a Grange meeting at Tinicum, yesterday.

—The meeting of H. Clay Beatty Post No. 73, G. A. R., will be held at the hall of Engine Co., No. 1, on Friday evening instead of Thursday as previously announced. We understand that a large number of recruits are to be mustered in.

—This evening at the Engine House, a meeting of citizens without regard to party will take place for the purpose of organizing an independent Labor Reform Club to act in conjunction with the National Labor Reform party now forming throughout the country.

—If there has been a more pleasant sociable in this vicinity than the one last evening at King's Assembly Rooms, Washington Hall, it is yet to be heard of. Its success was quite a compliment to Mr. King, as the result was mainly due to his ability as a manager.

—Philip Sutton and Charles McIlvaine were before 'Squire Bailey this morning on complaint of Emmor Comly, agent of the S. P. C. A., for cruelty to a horse which they drove to Newtown on the night of the 12th inst. Result $18.09 fine and costs.

—The Quarterly meeting of the Methodist Church, occurs next Sunday. There will be "Love Feast" at 9:15 A. M., a sermon by Rev. Dr. J. Porter, at 10:30 A. M., and at 7:30 P. M. Rev. Dr. J. F. Chaplain, the new Presiding Elder, will preach, this being his first visit to Bristol.

—We hear that there is a likelihood of Mr. William R. Bradfield retiring, the first of the next month, from the occupation he has so long been engaged in, that of express messenger between Bristol and Philadelphia. He will be succeeded in the business by his son Harry A. Bradfield.

—We are indebted to George F. Herbert, Esq., editor of the Bucks County *Mirror*, for a neatly executed lithograph of the new Court House. It gives the first definite idea we have had of what the new structure will look like, and leads us to think it will be something for the county to be proud of.

—Chaplain J. D. Beugless U. S. N. will deliver a lecture in the Baptist church, next Thursday evening, upon the subject of "Islam and the Ottoman Empire." It will doubtless be instructive and particularly interesting just at the present when the Russo-Turko war is in progress, and possibly the lecturer can tell us who Osman Pasha is.

—A Tea Drink and Musical Entertainment will be held in the Methodist church on the evenings of Oct., 11th and 12th. Every one will remember the pleasing character of the Centennial Tea Drink, at this church. This will be no less entertaining, and, as on the occasion referred to, a prominent Philadelphia choir will furnish some first rate music.

—And now we learn that the Osman Pasha paragraphs, which have had such an extensive circulation recently in the press of this and neighboring states, are attributed to the versatile pen of R. Clay Crawford himself. His friends say that he is quite capable of such an exercise of ingenuity, and that he has many and cogent reasons for wishing it to believed at this present time, that he is in the service of the Grand Turk.

—A balloon going eastward passed over Penn's Manor Tuesday afternoon about two o'clock. A bundle of time tables of the Bound Brook railroad was dropped, which stated that the balloon was 1000 feet high. Paschall Hibbs picked up the package and found in it a postal card with the request that it be forwarded to 434 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, with name of the place where it was found.

—Some of our contemporaries have anticipated us in congratulating Rev. W. H. Conard upon the flourishing state his church has attained to during his pastorate. It is not too late, however, to say that, although among us but a short time, Mr. Conard has made many friends who would sadly miss his cheerful countenance and pleasant voice if he were compelled to remove from Bristol, of which we are happy to know there is not the slightest probability.

—Wednesday morning about two o'clock, the house of Mrs. Joseph Paxson opposite the water-works, was entered by burglars at the back room window. James G. Paxson who is compelled by his occupation to be an early riser alarmed the burglars when he arose, and they fled before he could either catch them or see who they were, although he came very nearly capturing them. They had rummaged about the house pretty thoroughly, and left matches which had been lighted strewn all around, but nothing has been missed except some napkin rings.

Republican County Convention.

The annual convention of the Republicans of Bucks county was held at Doylestown, Monday, and the following ticket nominated:

County Treasurer—Charles R. Althouse, Sellersville. Coroner—Dr. William T. Potts, Bristol. County Surveyor—John S. Merrick, Newtown. Director of the Poor—D. Wynkoop McNair, Buckingham. Delegates to State Convention—Senatorial—T. P. Miller, Doylestown. First District—Aaron F. Stover, Quakertown. Second District—Henry C. Michener, Doylestown. Third District—Hugh B. Eastburn, Solebury. Fourth District—Charles G. Knight, Northampton.

The resolutions adopted sustained the course of the President in fulfilling the declarations of the Cincinnati platform in regard to the pacification of the country. Governor Hartranft is praised for his administration, "which has been characterized by wisdom, prudence, and ability," and receives a boost towards the Senate in these words: "His faithful execution of the laws have * * * * * disclosed qualities which will make him sought in other spheres of usefulness, where he can be the recipient of additional honors."

In regard the Almshouse it was resolved, that the disclosures made by the investigating committee furnish just cause for alarm to the taxpayers of the county, and clearly show the necessity of a change in the management, such as will destroy the combination now existing, and that such change can only be effected by people taking the control of the institution out of Democratic hands.

Langhorne Notes.

Texas fever among the cattle has been increasing for some weeks past. It was first introduced by animals purchased at the drove yard, with many deaths resulting therefrom. Benjamin Taylor, near Janney station, lost four fine cows. Cornell and Bro., Benjamin Stradling and others have suffered from the same cause. Many farmers, who send milk to the city, desire to increase their dairies, but are deterred for fear that the contagious disease will be augmented.

Burtis Magill, of Newportville, met with a runaway at the station, Friday last. The carriage was a complete wreck, but no injury to man or beast.

Sales of real estate and personal property are commencing in earnest this week, while "still they come," is the cry resounding in our ears.

Pierson Mitchell has established a worthy precedent, by laying a flagstone walk across the street to his residence. Many of the pavements and board-walks need care before winter, and property holders, as well as the Street Commissioner, would do well to attend to their respective improvements during these autumnal days.

Our borough has been well represented at the Permanent Exhibition the present week. All concede that "The Battle of Yorktown" alone, is worthy of a protracted visit.

Lovers of nature and nature's works, have been rambling in forest shade for clematis, ferns, wild cotton and oats, as parlor decorations, while the house-plants are carefully shielded from the chill blasts of night time.

Sunday last, nearly two thousand people assembled at Langhorne Park to listen to the temperance lectures delivered by W. A. Laverty, Rev. Cook, of Hulmeville, and Captain Leybourne. About one hundred new signers to the pledge were obtained, while promises of future meetings in our vicinity were given. We are here a moral people, but it takes a deep, strong current to rouse our feelings to any undue excitement, no matter how great and good the cause that beckons us onward toward the ocean of life.

Point Pleasant Items.

We have been informed by a friend, that on last Sunday afternoon, no less than seven boats could be counted upon the river from the Eddy to the head of the falls at Bull's Island, the occupants of which were fishing with the hook and line; and he wished us to call the attention of the fish warden to this fact; but we doubt whether such a personage exists on this part of the river. The best remedy would be for our friend to get the names of those Sabbath breakers, and hand them some good Justice of the Peace, to be dealt with according to law. They know that they are breaking the Sabbath by fishing on Sunday, and should be willing to abide with the consequences.

On last Monday a week death came to our village and removed from our midst our friend and neighbor John G. Casner. He had been complaining some for weeks past, but still followed his usual occupation until noon on Monday, when he had to take to his bed, and before sundown he was a corpse. He was buried at Carversville on Thursday, and was followed to the grave by a large number of his friends and relatives.

Tobias Nash is having a new roof put upon the stable connected with the Point Pleasant Hotel and is otherwise improving the property.

John N. Solliday of Tinicum is having a new roof put upon the house now occupied by Howard Lake.

On last Saturday afternoon the body of R. Jennie Sees was consigned to its last resting place in the Point Pleasant cemetery. Deceased was a daughter of John A. Sees, formerly of North Wales, Montgomery county. She was a graduate of the Millersville State Normal School; and as a teacher was very successful. Her last charge was in the primary department of the borough schools at North Wales.

The workmen engaged in cementing the Delaware bridge piers have finished the job, and the piers now present quite a new appearance and will be able to stand a heavy pressure of water upon them. The work was well done, and the cement used was of the best.

The cellar has been dug for the new house of Rev. George Young, and the masons will soon be ready to put up the walls. Smith & Benner have contract for putting up the cellar walls, and for plastering.

Morrisville Notes.

The pastor of the M. E. church is prolonging his stay in England; he had intended returning by the 5th of September, but has deferred coming until sometime in October.

A number of the citizens of this place attended the Republican convention which met at Taylor Hall, Trenton. Ex-governor, Wm. Newell was nominated for governor.

This time the burglars that broke into Taylor's lumber office, used an extension bit and two large holes were made in the door by which an entrance was gained. Nothing of value was taken.

William Magee, who lives in the upper part of the borough is improving his house by the erection of a portico. Henry Morris has his portico finished, and Edward Bayley's house is nearly completed.

About one hundred attended the concert, which was given by the choir belonging to the Third Presbyterian Church, of Trenton, for the benefit of the Morrisville Presbyterian church. Among the singers were the Misses. Quinton.

Dr. Case of Fallsington, and Miss Rose Parsons of this place who were married last week, have not yet returned home from their wedding tour.

A great deal of sickness is prevailing in this neighborhood. Several deaths have recently occurred. Mr. Young, who has been having hemorrhages for several months past, was buried on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell Smith, who both died on Tuesday morning, one at five, and the other at nine o'clock, are to be buried on Friday morning.

—Bishop Stevens has appointed next Sunday for his annual visitation to Grace church, Hulmeville. There will be confirmation and communion services, to which all are invited, as close communion views are not encouraged at this church.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—All matters of local interest last week were on Saturday swallowed up by a shock that brought consternation to the hearts of the people of Philadelphia, and left a cloud of gloom which it will take days to dispel. John S. Morton, President of the Market street railway, and President of the Permanent Exhibition; John S. Morton, who was the first to break the seven cent fare monopoly of the passenger railway companies; the first to successfully introduce steam street cars; the first to place the exhibition on a substantial basis; the first in fact in every great enterprise destined to benefit the city; John S. Morton, the ideal of tens of thousands, has confessed to the misappropriation of a million and a half of dollars belonging to the Market street line, and raised by means of a fraudulent overissue of stock. Had this been the word of a moment, had he, in an evil hour, fallen like the angels from a high estate, the people would have gazed with mingled wonder, pity and forgiveness on the act; but he confessed that the thing had been going on for seven years, and such an admission removed him for the time from the sympathy of all but those who best knew the noble qualities of his nature. To-day, however, his personal statement has been given to the public, and we discover that his first wrong step was made in the hope of shielding others from loss, and this ground could and doubtless would soon have been recovered. But in order to make the overissue necessary to meet these comparatively insignificant obligations he was obliged to take into his confidence Mr. Huhn, the Treasurer of the company. The defaulter asserts that the broker who got possession of this stock, and the Treasurer, who well knew Mr. Morton's dangerous position, used their knowledge for the purpose of wringing additional cash from him at every opportunity.

To our reporter Mr. Morton said that Huhn abstracted a large sum of money from the treasury, knowing that Morton would ruin himself if he informed the directors of this deficit, and that ever since then Huhn, who was part owner of the Centennial Catalogue Company has systematically and periodically demanded large amounts of money, first on one pretense and then on another. To another reporter the statement is made that his broker has month after month been calling on him for cash to pay interest, losses, &c., never giving him a moment's rest, and, as he says, living off of his stealings, as the broker had no other business that amounted to anything. Whether the Centennial Catalogue Company was as much a failure as is supposed may never be known; but Mr. Morton evidently believes that not half the money he gave Huhn and his partner, Nagle, ever went into the business, and that, in fact they were fleecing him on one side while his broker was stealing from him on the other. Had there not been foul play, it is incomprehensible how so large an amount of stock should have been issued by Mr. Morton; for, instead of leaving the million and a half which his defalcation represents, it is very evident that he has never made a cent outside of his legitimate business; and while he has lost money, the figures are, so far as known, comparatively small.

The parties accused of course defend themselves. The broker, whose name is Elbert, asserts that he did not know the stock was fraudulent, and was doing a regular business; but Morton declares he did know it, and more than that, was so determined to keep the advantage ground, that he would never make a statement of the condition of Morton's account. The strain must have been terrible on a man of his temperament, and now that he has made a full confession, he says he feels much relieved, although he is conscious of the enormity of his crime, and will bravely meet the consequences whatever they may be. It seems very probable that Morton, having endeavored to save others by a wrong transaction, placed himself in the power of unscrupulous parties, who compelled him to move forward in the course which has brought ruin upon his name and fortune.

The Exhibition will not be affected by the trouble, as Mr. Morton has resigned his position, and a new President will at once be appointed. The attendance yesterday was 11,500, and on Saturday over 32,000, 22,000 of whom were children admitted free. This children's day should be continued, as nothing is lost by making no charge, and their presence adds a rare attractiveness to the magnificent structure. Excursions to the Exhibition are of daily occurrence, and it is now proposed, if satisfactory arrangements can be made, to bring some ten thousand persons on a trip to this city over the North Pennsylvania Railroad, one of the oldest and best known lines in the State. As yet the railroad company have not been called on, as those who having the mammoth affair in charge have not decided on a day; but should the present proposition be carried out, the excursion will be one of the best managed ever given. The North Pennsylvania Railroad is the line over which so many have travelled to those picturesque sections of the State, Bethlehem, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, &c., to say nothing of the well-known summer resorts nearer the city; and as it has a direct connection, by means of the Bound Brook route from New York, it is now a favorite line to the Northwest, having through palace cars, which run without stoppage all the way to Niagara Falls. All this travel has made it one of the most popular lines in this part of the country, and should the grand closing excursion be gotten up it would be a model of its kind.

The trial of Heinrich Wahlen, for the murder of Max Hugo Hoehne, at Elm Station, near the Centennial grounds, is watched with absorbing interest, for the case presents some of the strongest contradictions in the annals of crime. The Commonwealth has called witnesses to show that Wahlen and Hoehne visited the Centennial together, and that a few days afterwards the prisoner enticed his intended victim to a retired spot where he murdered him, stripped the body of its clothing which he pawned, and afterwards sold and traded off a large number of pawn-tickets which the deceased had with him. It was shown that Wahlen, not satisfied with this, wrote several epistles to Hoehne's father in Germany, asking for money, and signing Hoehne's name to the letters. He explained the different handwritings by saying that he had broken his arm, and wrote with great difficulty. The most important witness is a Pole named Strebolski, who swore that he was with Wahlen on the night of the murder and saw the deed, but was afterwards afraid to confess lest Wahlen should kill him as he had threatened to do. A thrilling scene was that in the Norristown Court-room on Thursday, when Strebolski, who is rather weak-minded, endeavored to describe the circumstances of the murder by crawling along the floor, as he said Hoehne did while Wahlen was striking him with a hammer. The chain of evidence seemed about complete as it generally does when only one side of a story is heard, but the defense opened on Friday with the statement that they would prove first that Strebolski, the leading witness, could not be believed under oath; second that he committed the murder himself; third, that the body found was not Max Hugo Hoehne, the man who Wahlen admitted to have personated in writing to Germany for money. It will be see that the jury are destined to get pretty well mixed.

The Centennial Anniversary of the Paoli massacre, last week, was in every way worthy of the occasion. The oration by Hon. Wayne MacVeagh was a masterly effort. A number of civic and military organizations participated in the ceremonies, and the crowd of lookers-on numbered several thousand.

In the coming election the chief interest centres in the effect which the labor party will have at the polls. It is impossible to estimate which side the independent voters will be taken from but it is plain to be seen that the labor ticket will be well supported. I have found, on careful inquiry, that outside, or rather inside, of the new party proper is a secret alliance of Trades Unions, which has existed in a latent state for a long time, patiently waiting an opportunity to strike. This opportunity has come, and its power will soon be felt. A prominent worker in the movement stated to your correspondent that in the city of Philadelphia the alliance would poll twenty-five thousand votes for the regular labor candidate, and this of course does not include the thousands who will go individually with the movement. If his expectations are fulfilled, the new party may-be put down for not less than sixty or seventy thousand and votes in Philadelphia alone. All that is feared by their leaders is that at the last moment the independent voters will merge back into the old ranks, as the men are unorganized; but even in that case the alliance will come up solid with its twenty-five thousand votes, which are solemnly pledged to the cause. Both the Republican and Democratic leaders are at sea in regard to the effect which the movement will have, and even the labor candidates are ignorant of their strength or the composition of their ranks.

C. W. F.

Our Ex-Postmaster at Minnequa Springs.

After spending nearly a week in Williamsport, we again took the Northern Central Railroad, which here leaves the banks of the Susquehanna, and runs up the valley along the Lycoming creek. The valley is about a half a mile wide at the entrance, but as we ascend it grows narrower and narrower, until there is only room enough from for a wagon road upon one side of the now very small creek, and a railroad upon the other. As we ascend the mountains on either side rise higher and higher, and seems to be closing in over us as the valley or ravine gets narrower. We cross and recross the creek, following first the side of one mountain then of another; the locomotive is now on our right, now on our left, turning the sharp curves and points, almost at right angles. Puff, puff, puff, and up we go without seeming to get nearer the summit; the mountain tops appearing as if falling, falling, until, when within a few miles of Minnequa, a plane or valley comes in view, and we are at the source of the Lycoming and Towanda creeks. On either side is the same range of mountains, before spoken of, but now only 500 feet above us.

We stopped one day at Ralston, a small village about ten miles south of Minnequa. It has an excellent boarding house, and is said to be a great resort for hunters and fishermen,—the forests abounding in game, and the rivulets with mountain trout. We are now (17th inst.) at Minnequa, and find the name of Herdic very prominent here, as it was in Williamsport. Not only in Williamsport and here has his energy and business talents been of great benefit to the laboring men and mechanics, but in many other places in this vicinity he is at work designing and carrying out his great ideas. The Minnequa Springs, with about three hundred acres of ground around the Minnequa House, are owned by him. This hotel is situated on the west side of a hemlock and pine forest of one hundred acres, which has a number of plank walks running through it in various directions, winding around and leading back to the house. We spent part of one forenoon in traveling over these walks, admiring the scenery and watching the squirrels frisking about. At the Spring, which is near the house, we found Charles Epley ready to dip the bubbling water for us until our thirst was allayed. This gentleman has been at the Spring for nine summers, giving the water to all that come. He is a cripple from rheumatism, and come here first to try the healing virtues of the water, from the use of which he has derived great benefit. Mr. Herdic is very kind to him, as he is to all who are worthy of sympathy, and allows him to remain here dipping water for the visitors, and as he is a poor man and a cripple, he is the recipient of a quite a good many favors from the guests. Minnequa is a delightful place, and if everything were favorable, I don't know of any other place where I would rather spend the summer months. The town of Canton, about two miles south from here, is where pipe is now being laid for water works. Mr. Herdic, of course, is the builder and principal owner of them. On the road to Canton, about one mile, is situated the beautiful and comfortable residence of the late actor E. L. Davenport, of whom every one here speaks in the highest terms, as a gentleman and neighbor. His family are also very kindly spoken of, and everybody sympathizes with them in their sad bereavement.

LEAVING MINNEQUA.

After taking a farewell drink at Minnequa, we again took the cars, and were soon speeding away towards Elmira, N. Y., a city of 22,000 inhabitants. It is a beautiful city, with fine streets and residences, and is situated on a level piece of land three miles wide and five long; the Chemung river running through the centre. Four or five iron bridges connect south Elmira with the city proper. Among the many fine churches, Thomas K. Beecher's is the finest. Six railroads terminate here, and the cars from each stop at the same place—the central depot. On a hill at one side of the city, at about 000 feet elevation, is the residence of Theodore Crane, Mark Twain's brother-in-law. Mark spends the summer months here. We visited the place, and had a good view of the city.

Wednesday morning, the 19th inst., Elmira was left behind, and we pressed on towards Watkins, at the head of Seneca Lake. We are delighted to see water once more, and it appeared as if we were in a large harbor, and as I stood near the steamboat (which is like those on the Delaware) I imagined, looking down down the beautiful sheet of water, three miles wide, that I was going out towards the Atlantic ocean. Thursday morning we take a lunch and start for the glen, with a foreboding that we will be disappointed, and find that our expectations were raised too high by the descriptions of its picturesqueness.

AT THE GLEN.

At nine o'clock, we pay one dollar and pass through the gate, and the first gorge is before us, and I stop and ask myself, has time aided by air and water done this wonderful work? or have a thousand men been at work here as many years? I linger for an answer, but the only reply I receive is the conviction with which I am impressed that this is not the work of man, but of Him who in the beginning created the heavens and the earth, and the whole accomplished by natural laws. As we ascend the work of nature grows more grand. I will not attempt to describe it; a person with far greater powers of description than myself would fail to do justice to it; one must see it; climb the many rocks, pass along the ledges, with the rocks jutting out over head in some places 100 feet above, while the gorge extends as far below, then and then only can a full and correct idea be obtained of the grandeur of Watkins Glen.

—The malady known as the Texas cattle disease, or the spanish fever, has recently made its appearance in some parts of this county. It is said by experienced drovers that native cattle are liable to this disease if put in the same pasture with, or soon after the Texas cattle. The disease, generally, kills in about twenty-four hours. At its first appearance the cows are weak and languid; the breathing becomes difficult, causing a rumbling noise; the hair stands erect; a thin fluid runs continually from the nose; the appetite ceases, and loss of milk follows; the cows are thirsty, but cannot drink much. The animal lasts only a day or two after it is taken with the disease, and thus far we have heard of none that recovered from its dreadful effects.

—Temperance meetings were conspicuous by their absence in Bristol last Sunday.

THE ROD AND THE GUN.

Matters Original and Compiled Relating to Shooting, Fishing, Natural History, and the Protection of Fish and Game.

—Permits to gun and fish in the counties of Camden, Gloucester, Atlantic, Salem, Cumberland and Cape May, N. J., can be obtained of Richard T. Miller Esq, No. 100 Market St., Camden, or of Edward Anschutz, Jr., No. 210 S. Third St., Philadelphia. The cost is $5 for the first year; $2 for each succeeding year. Non-residents are not allowed to shoot in these counties without permits.

—At the annual meeting of the West Jersey Game Protective Association, held last week, the committee on Police reported that the entire cost of police duties for the year, including printing and advertising, was $584.65. J. Howard Willetts was elected President; George E. Taylor, Treasurer; Richard T. Miller, Secretary. The committee on Law was directed to report as to the necessity of changing the time for shooting reed birds from the 15th of August to the 1st of September, as in former years. A bounty of twenty-five cents was ordered to be paid for foxes and hawks killed in the counties represented by the society. The Secretary stated that 2200 black bass and 1400 quails had been placed during the year. An appropriation of $1000 was ordered to be expended in the purchase of quails.

The Florida Backwoodsman.

His name was Jim.

He had another name—supplementary, as it were, to this "front" name—but it came in use so rarely that even his old acquaintances had nearly forgotten it. Let it remain unknown, as Jim sometimes reads the magazines and would visit dire vengeance upon the writer should he see this truthful chronicle of his deeds. Let it not be reasoned from the redundancy of Jim in narratives of personal adventure, that this one, like the majority of them is fictitious.

"A truer tale has ne'er been told,
And his name was Jim, and is—"

Under the palms of Florida's southern shore, stretched beneath the waving, rustling palmettos, carrying an eagle-headed whistle, carved from the ivory tusk of an alligator, lay my hero when I first met him. I had had, as a boatman and guide, old Captain Crongar, a salt from the North, who had lost his savor by living a score of years in the South. A rare specimen of the misplaced Yankee was the captain, possessing all the deft ways of the nautical Cape Coder, and the laziness and unthrift of the Florida "Cracker."

Rum did it—rum and poverty; for in this case they are not synonymous terms.

The captain was a queer nut, alternately pleasant and again strangely sulky. In one of his odd freaks of lunacy he had left me upon the sandy shore of a secluded island, far down the coast, thirty miles from the nearest habitation. Rather, let me say, he had left my effects. I was in the mangroves, half a mile from the boat following the trail of a wild turkey, while he, perfidious guide, was calmly depositing my goods upon the beach. A pile of camp equipage beneath my eye and a white sail far away, as I emerged from the swamp brought me up, to use the captain's favorite expression, "all stan'in." To shout was useless. The captain's back was toward me, and his face determinedly set toward his humble cabin and its adjacent grocery, ninety miles to the northward. A scrawl traced in the white sand read:

"*Too much pisen for my stumik.*"

Alas! and had it come to this!

Rare birds and strange beasts were the objects sought by me in this nondescript land of the transition, and I had, for the preservation of their furry and feathery coverings, a large package of arsenic. Long usage had accustomed me to its presence at our frugal meals, but not so the captain. In vain I cited learned authority in favor of its use; in vain I reasoned and labored with him to the effect that, should he accidentally swallow a poisonous dose, a mouthful of mustard and water or an opportune application of the stomach pump would instantly relieve him. He saw that I was wedded to my arsenic, and had taken the method narrated to rid himself of the "pisen" and myself at once.

Night was not far distant, and it was necessary to prepare for it, leaving to the morrow the question of escape. I found, upon hasty inspection, that my guide had left me all my own, with exception of a rifle and cartridges, sufficient to compensate him for his wages in case of my defection. There were provisions enough for a fortnight, and game was plentiful in the jungle behind the beach in shape of birds, so that on the score of subsistence I knew no fear and proceeded to pitch my little tent serenely beneath a glossy-leaved India rubber. My guide with a thoughtful kindness that must have hurt him, had left the cold remains of the morning's meal—venison, fish and flapjacks—and, after a cup of hot coffee, I threw some dry wood on the fire and went to sleep. I had been too long in Florida woods to trouble my brain with visions of wild prowlers of the night that never appear, and snakes and scorpions that never bite, and my slumber was sound and sweet.

The duties of the opening day, simple and primitive, occupied but little of the morning, and ere the sun had dried a drop of dew from the leaves, I was beyond the jungle fringing the snowy beach hunting the sombre oak hummock for my turkeys of the day before. The excitement attending the working up of the trail, the surprise, the capture, and the subsequent shooting of the stragglers, so occupied me that it was well toward noon when I turned toward my deserted camp. Staggering beneath my load of noble birds, breaking through the spider legged mangroves, disturbing countless hundreds of quaint fiddler crabs and enormous spiders brushing aside the impeding vines, I burst upon my camp, no longer deserted, for there lay—*Jim!*

It was our first meeting.

A little sloop-rigged boat was drawn up on the sand. I manifested no surprise. He looked not up. Thrusting the half finished whistle into his pocket, he arose and said, looking out upon the water, "Want to see me catch that 'gator?" I threw down my turkeys and looked out over the water. Just outside the break of the surf, on the beach, was the head of an alligator—listless, seemingly lifeless, asleep, drifting on the glassy water with half closed eyes. To inexperienced eyes that head would seem a black knot of wood borne by the waves; to my eyes it appeared the head of a nine-feet alligator. Without awaiting reply, Jim waded in—deeper and deeper; the water reached his waist and dashed lazily against his breast as he neared the sleeping *saurian*. The heat of a semi-tropical sun had lulled his senses to repose, else Jim could not have approached so closely unseen and unnoticed. Cautiously dipping his hands in the water, and bending over so that his face was squarely reflected in the water mirror, Jim suddenly closed upon the thin, serrated tail, and then braced himself quickly back to meet the expected shock. It came. Concentrating his dormant energies in a single rush, the 'gator leaped forward with a terrific splashing of his paws; but he strove in vain against the strength of my hero, for, though he could drag him, he could not throw him, as he hung to the tail with both hands. The gleam of quiet satisfaction that shot from his eyes as his hand clasped the 'gator's tail was gone, and in his face there was a fixed determination born of the struggle—the first recorded of the strength of man pitted against that of alligator. But as might have been expected, the contest could not last long. I do not think that Jim meant to capture the reptile, only to impress me favorably with his prowess by act of bravado. Finding he could not escape, the alligator paused a few seconds, quivering with rage, his sullen eye emitting lurid flame, every scale on his mailed back rigid with anger. Only a moment of time—a second or two, perhaps, when, with a muttered, gutteral bellow, like that of a half-strangled bull, he threw himself out of the water, swinging around till his horney snout nearly touched his tail and the horrid jaws clashed in Jim's face.

That spectacle will last while memory holds. The black bulk, but a few minutes since inert and apparently lifeless, poised in air, lithe and terribly vigorous, the water dripping from its mailed form and streaming from its armed jaws.

It is not strange that Jim loosed his hold, even if the sudden jerk had not forced him, with that cavernous mouth, white with bared and glistening fangs so near his face. He fell backward into the water, and the alligator instead of devouring him, as it had good cause to do, darted beneath him with the rapidity of light. A few rods away the black head reappeared and the evil eye glittering coldly beneath the projecting dome of the skull, watched its late antagonist as he floundered ashore. A muttered curse or two on Jim's part and a whirlpool of foam on the alligator's, as a ball from my rifle dashed the light from his eyes forever, ended the comedy that had threatened to be a tragedy. Wringing the water from his shirt and ragged breeches, Jim spread himself and them upon the sand to dry.

It transpired in the course of the day, that the captain had met Jim, told him of my circumstances, and had hinted in a moment of remorse, that it would be as well for me if I were off the island, as a storm was threatening and the rising water would suddenly cover my camping place—too rapidly for escape.

This actually happened a few days later, but we were safely clear of the island then.

Jim was garrulous and delighted to relate his many adventures, mainly with panther and alligator. "Why this wan't nothing to what I did once up in the Bananna River, as anybody on the river can tell you. You see there's a big 'gator hole up there, where's jest the biggest 'gator that ever you did see. Old Cap'n Crongar was with me and stumped me to dive down and yank him out. Well, I wan't to be beat on that game, and I jest stripped and went for him. There was jest the tip of his tail a-stickin' out and I knew from its clumsy look it belonged to a big one and I should have a tussle. Well, you see, I got hold and hauled and braced my feet against the bank, but I couldn't start him. Then I had to come up to breathe, as the water was more'n fifteen feet deep, and then down I went again and took another pull at it. I swear! I believe that tail was rooted in the bank, and I had tried three times and was jest givin' it up when the darned thing began to move. It didn't sort of yield gradually like, but seemed to come out of its own accord, and as though it wa'nt in any hurry about it either. Well, I found 'twa'n't no use pulling, and I jest watched it backin' out till it got to the fore-shoulders, and much as fifteen feet was in sight and more a-comin', and the shoulders was broad as a bear's, and then I scooted. It wa'n't none too quick, I tell you; and that thar 'gator he streaked her for the boat, and took a piece out of the gunnel of one side jest as I was climbin' in t'other. The cap'n he was so scart his hair stood right up, and he didn't have sense enough to paddle ashore, but sat there saying, 'We're gone coons, sartin! we're gone coons!' Well, the 'gator left us and put for his hole, with the piece of our boat in his mouth, and we could hear him a-chawin' of it and a-growlin' over it. He was a twenty-footer, sure as preachin'."

This account was substantially verified at a later day by an old inhabitant of the coast, who added that Jim was not afraid of the devil himself.

A few days later we were at an inlet on the coast, fishing for sea bass, which were unusually plentiful, rippling the water in their eagerness to take our hooks. I was engaged in catching them, throwing my line into the surf and then running up the beach with the powerful fish, while Jim had gone to the hail of the captain of a small schooner anchored inside the bar. Soon he appeared, and running his eye over the low row of silver-sided fish, said I had caught enough and must go with him to aid in recovering the captain's anchor. Of course I obeyed, and we moored our boat as near as possible above the place where the anchor was lost. The fast ebbing tide ran rapidly by us, dashing against our boat and singing against our moorings. On either side a multitude of sharks disturbed the water, triangular fins projecting above the surface and streaking it with foam. Jim attached a line to his naked body telling me to haul in rapidly when signaled, and dove. Anxiously we waited for his reappearance, and when he came up safely and reported the anchor caught beneath a mangrove root, we urged him not to go down again; but, with a glance at the increasing number of fins, he gave me directions about the line and to keep up a continual splashing, and then disappeared. Up again; a rest of a minute, clinging to the side of the boat, and again beneath the angry waters. The fourth time he was successful, and as I helped him into the boat, exhausted and breathless, he whispered faintly, "Made that V easy didn't I?"

This is but one of his mad pranks.

I have seen him snatch a bird from the jaws of an alligator and then add a rap over the nose that greatly hastened the departure of the astonished reptile, thus bearded in his own den. A similar instance occurred while he was acting as guide to a staid college professor the next year, as the professor aforesaid delights to narrate. So much instruction in wood lore, the haunts of bird and beast, the methods employed in their capture did I obtain from Jim that it was with deep regret that I parted from him, and even overstayed my allotted time far into early summer. We parted with the naive confession from him that I was "the best Yankee he ever ran across."—*Frank Beverly in Forest and Stream.*

Hulmeville Correspondence.

The Temperance meetings, which have been held here for the past two weeks, were closed last Sunday evening, 729 names having been obtained. The large hall was crowded, and many were obliged to turn away. Addresses were made by William Dixon, of Bensalem, Rev. Mr. Cook, of this place and Mr. Laverty. His closing address will long remembered by the people, and, if he should come amongst us again, he will be warmly welcomed by those whose hearts and homes have been made happy through the great work so successfully conducted by him.

On Tuesday evening the Executive Comittee of the N. C. T. U., met in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. In the absence of the Chairman, J. G. Webster, E. G. Harrison presided. The organization will be known as the C. T. U., of Hulmeville and Newportville, to meet in each town semi-monthly, on Thursday evening. A meeting will be held in Newportville, Saturday evening, Mr. W. T. Clark, of Philadelphia, and others will address the meeting.

Bishop Stevens, of the Episcopal Church, will make his annual visitation at Grace Church, next Sunday morning. In the afternoon he will administer the rite of confirmation in the Church school house at Fallsington, and in the evening preach at Oxford Valley.

A horse belonging to A. K. Joyce, broke through the tread on the horse power on Tuesday, and broke its leg.

Mr. Wilmer H. Johnson, formerly of this place, now of Wilton Junction, Iowa, was married on the 20th inst., to Miss Fannie McNaughton, also of Wilton. The young couple have the well wishes of this entire community.

—A little girl, daughter of James Mears, of Yardleyville, was sent by her mother for water to the canal, where she is in the habit of going, on Saturday last. Soon after, she heard a shriek and a splash, and on running to the stone wharf she saw to her horror two little hands for a moment rise above the water and then pass under. Some fifteen minutes elapsed before she was recovered, and all efforts to resuscitate her failed.

—W. F. Bayley of Yardleyville, and Mr. Willard, were thrown from a wagon and bruised considerably.

—Rev. A. Gilbert, of Yardleyville, preached at Dolington, on Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock.

☞Lead, Bismuth and Zinc are immensely useful in the industrial arts; and as immensely injurious when applied to the skin to beautify it or to remove Pimples, Blotches, etc., from it. Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture is the great purifying agent of the blood, giving clearness of complexion and removing Pimples, etc.

Philadelphia Markets.

Wednesday, September 26, 5 P. M.

FLOUR is in fair demand and prices are well maintained; Minnesota extra family, choice, at $7 a 7 25; fancy at $7 50, a 8; Penna, ditto, good, at $7; choice at $7 12½ a 7 25; Indiana ditto, good, at $7; choice at $7 12½; Ohio ditto, very fancy, at $8, and patent and other high grades at $8 25 a 9 25. Rye Flour—low grade at $3 90, and Penna, at $4 25 per bbl.

GRAIN.—Wheat is in fair request, but shipping grades are lower. Western amber, choice, at $1 52 a 1 53; Delaware do., fair, at $1 55; choice at $1 56; No. 2 Western red at $1 48, and Ohio red at $1 48. Rye is scarce and sells at 68c. Corn is selling fairly at steady prices. Western yellow, North Pennsylvania Railroad, at 59c; do. do. grain, depot and track, at 60.; Western high mixed at 59c., and sail, mixed, for shipment, at 58½c., spot. Oats are in good demand at former prices; fair and prime Western at 35½ a 38c., and do. light mixed at 33 a 34c.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Monday, September 24.

The Cattle market was rather dull the past week, but prices were without material change; 3100 head arrived and sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 6½ a 6¾c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western steers, 5¾ a 6c. for fair to good do., and 4 a 5c per lb. gross for common, as to quality. Sheep were in good demand; sales of 10,000 head at 5 a 6c. for good to prime, $2 a $6 per head for stock sheep, and 6 a 7c. per lb. for lambs. Hogs were in fair demand; 3600 head sold at 7½ a 8½c. per lb., as to quality.

At the North Philadelphia Drove Yard Beef Cattle continue dull; 1500 head sold at 4 a 6¾c. per lb. gross, as to quality. Sheep were in demand; 3000 head sold at 4 a 5¾c. per lb.; and 700 head of lambs at 5 a 6½c. per lb., as to condition. Hogs were in fair demand; 1000 head sold at 7 a 8c. per lb.

FARMERS' HAY AND STRAW MARKET for the past week: Loads of Hay, 350; Straw, 55 loads. Average price during week: Prime Timothy, 85c. a $1.00; Mixed, 70c. to 85c. Straw, 60c. a 75c. per 100 lbs.

MARRIED.

FREEMAN—KELL.—September 20, 1877, at his office, by Charles S. Bailey, Justice of the Peace of Bristol Borough, Mr. Linford Freeman and Miss Catharine Kell, both of Bristol Township, Bucks County.

OPDYKE—SMITH.—September 21, 1877, by Rev. J. S. Cook, Mr. John L. Opdyke and Miss Mary E. Smith, both of Lambertville, N. J.

New Advertisements.

Hyacinths, Crocuses, Tulips,

AND other Fall Bulbs, Flower Pots of all sizes and styles, Rustic and Terra Cotta Vases, Rustic, Terra Cotta and Wire Hanging Baskets. Flower Stands, Trellises, Plant Rods, &c., &c.

J. W. CORNELL & CO.'S,

Agricultural and Horticultural Implements & Seeds,

88 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.

Corn Knives, Tarred Yarn, Husking Gloves and Pegs.

New Advertisements.

INFORMATION.

READER.—We have been engaged for some weeks in collecting together a "STORE FULL" of Bargains for our fall and winter sales, and we are now prepared to offer all who may favor us with their patronage, as interesting a line of useful and needful Dry Goods and Notions as can be found anywhere.

DRESS GOODS, IN GREAT VARIETY.

BLACK GOODS, A SPECIALTY.

CASSIMERES, FOR BOYS AND MEN.

FLANNELS, AT LOWEST PRICES.

SHAWLS, BLANKETS, COMFORTABLES.

UNDERWEAR, FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, SKIRTS,

And in fact anything and everything that goes to make up a personal or housekeeping outfit. Our reputation is too well established for low prices, to name any. Suffice it to say that everything will be sold as low as the lowest. When next in the city please call and see

JOHN MOORE & CO.,

517 & 519 North Second Street above Noble,

PHILADELPHIA.

23

FARMERS'

—AND—

FARMERS' WIVES

Need Vacations as well as other People!

Nothing Could be Better Than

A Run to Philadelphia

And What is Saved in Purchasing Dry Goods at the

GREAT SALE

Now Going on at the

GRAND DEPOT,

Will Pay All the Costs to go to and from the City.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES AND HATS.

WERE NEVER BEFORE SO CHEAP.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

Grand Depot, Thirteenth Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

CARPETINGS.

FULL LINE OF BODY BRUSSELS, $1.50.

The Largest, Most Complete and Cheapest Line in this or any other City, suitable for

ROOMS, HALLS AND STAIRS,

COMPRISING

Wiltons, Velvets, Body Brussels, Three-Ply, Tapestry Brussels, Extra Supers, Oil Cloths, Linoleum, Napier Matting, Rugs, Mats, &c.

NEW PATTERNS, UNIQUE DESIGNS, CHOICE COLORINGS,

QUALITY OF FABRIC NOT TO BE SURPASSED.

JOHN & JAMES DOBSON,

809 & 811 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

PRICE LIST.

WILTONS	$3 00.	Usual Price $3 75
VELVETS	2 00.	Usual Price 3 00
BODY BRUSSELS	1 75.	Usual Price 2 00
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS	1 10.	Usual Price 1 25
THREE-PLY	1 20.	Usual Price 1 35
EXTRA SUPERS	95.	Usual Price 1 10
NAPIER MATTING (Best Quality)	60.	Usual Price 85
LINOLEUM	1 25.	Usual Price 1 40
E VELVET RUGS	6 00.	Usual Price 7 00
F VELVET RUGS	4 00.	Usual Price 5 00
E VELVET MATS	1 50.	Usual Price 2 50

FULL LINE OF BODY BRUSSELS, $1.50.

LARGE LINE OF TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, $1.00.

TEA DRINK

AND

Musical Entertainment

For the Benefit of the

BRISTOL M. E. CHURCH,

WILL BE HELD AT THE CHURCH, ON THE EVENINGS OF

Thursday & Friday,

October 10 and 11, 1877.

A DOUBLE QUARTETTE

FROM PHILADELPHIA,

Under the direction of

PROF. FISCHER, of Philada.,

Will furnish the music for the occasion.

Tickets admitting to Concert and Tea Drink, 50 Cts.

Tickets to Concert, 25 Cts.

Doors open at 6½ o'clock. Concert commences at 7½. Tea Drink from 6½ to 10 P. M.

Tickets for sale by Teachers of the Sunday School and stores of J. Wesley Wright and James V. Foster.

24

GO TO THE NEW CASH GROCERY STORE

OF

JAMES WARDEN,

Corner of Pond and Penn Streets,

FOR YOUR

TEAS, COFFEES AND SPICES,

AND

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

In general.

26

NOTICE!

TO THE WORKINGMEN

OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL.

A PUBLIC MEETING of the citizens of Bristol Borough, irrespective of party, will be held in the Engine House, No. 1, on THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1877, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing an Independent Political Labor Reform Club, to act in conjunction with the United Labor Reform party now organizing throughout the country.

All in favor of independent political action are respectfully invited to attend. Come One! Come All! By order of

26 COMMITTEE ON ORGANIZATION.

JOSEPH W. THOMPSON,

HATS, CAPS

AND

STRAW GOODS,

No. 1209 North Second Street,

East Side, Four doors above Girard Ave., PHILADELPHIA.

A full assortment of Umbrellas. 27

LUTHER BOYCE,

CARRIAGE and WAGON MAKER,

MORRISVILLE, PA.

PAINTING, TRIMMING, &c., promptly attended to at the shortest notice. Repairing neatly done. 28

For Sale Cheap.

A GOOD MAGIC LANTERN AND OUTFIT. For particulars address B. W. YOUNG, Point Pleasant, Bucks County, Pa.

25

BRISTOL, BUCKS CO., PA., Sept. 26, 1877.

To the Jury Commissioners of Bucks County.

GENTLEMEN:—We, the undersigned, do respectfully ask, in behalf of the colored citizens of Bucks county, for a representation of our race in the jury box. We do not base our claim on our color or condition, that would be improper. We have often been told that we should not ask for a thing because we were colored. We have grown to think that sound logic. The rule should work both ways, for we should not be denied because we are colored, for that is just as improper. We have been tectotally ignored when the jury list has been made out, and we have been neglected in this county entirely too long on this important subject, for we are acknowledged citizens, and were not during the draft, yet we were looked after then with the greatest of zeal, and now we only ask for the rights and privileges guaranteed to us by the laws of the land, and that they may be enforced. Now, gentlemen, we appeal to you to use your good influence among those in the different townships and boroughs, that are selected, to find suitable person's names to place in the jury wheel. We ask you to urge them to adopt such a course. They will not be setting a precedent, for it is too late in the day for that, for surrounding counties, both Democratic and Republican, have set the example long ago, and colored jurymen are no longer a novelty, but a success, for those selected were men of average ability, and of good standing in their community.

J. R. SKINNER,
HENRY BLAKE,
SAMUEL R. STOCKTON.

33

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

A book containing a list of towns in the U. S. having 5,000 pop., and the newspapers having the largest circulation. All the Religious, Agricultural, Scientific, and other special class journals. Tables of rates, showing cost of advertising and everything which an advertiser would like to know. Mailed on receipt of ten cents. Address **GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.** (opposite "Tribune" building.

1823. SEND FOR 1878.

THE

NEW YORK OBSERVER,

The best Religious and Secular Family Newspaper. $3.15 a Year, post-paid. Established 1823.

37 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE. 32

ADVERTISING!

$1,000 WORTH FOR $87.50.

THE cheapest and best way to reach readers outside of the large cities is by using one or more of our six lists of over **1000** newspapers, divided to cover different sections of the country. **Weekly Circulation over 600,000.** Advertisement received for one or more lists. For catalogues containing names of papers, and other information and for estimates, address **BEALS & FOSTER, 41 Park Row (Times Building,) New York.**

PULMONA

is beyond comparison the best remedy for the *cure* of CONSUMPTION (even in its most advanced stages), *Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh*, and all derangements of the NERVOUS SYSTEM. A circular containing PARTICULARS OF MANY CASES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED, full advice for the treatment of the diseases aboved mentioned, and certificates of actual cures, will be sent free by mail to all applicants. Address OSCAR G. MOSES, Sole Proprietor, 18 Cortlandt Street, New York.

GRACE'S SALVE.

A Vegetable Preparation, invented in the 17th century by Dr. William Grace, Surgeon in King James' army. Through its agency he cured thousands of the most serious sores and wounds, and was regarded by all who knew him as a public benefactor. 25c. a box, by mail 30c. For sale by druggists generally.

AGENTS WANTED.

Address SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Boston, Mass.

Instructions on Piano and Organ,

AT the residence of Pupils, by a lady of experience. For address, apply at 78 Bath Street, Bristol. Terms, $8 per quarter. 903

For Sale or to Let.

The property on the corner of Dorrance and Cedar Sts., on accommodating terms. Apply to W. S. PERKINS.

4

For Coroner,

ROBERT HOLT.

Subject to Democratic Rules. 34

NewspaperARCHIVE®

ALMS DEEDS.

BY REV. JENNINGHAM.

God loves the cheerful giver! He who gives
His neighbor grain shall add unto his sheaves;
The earth receives alike the sun and rain,
United they produce buds, flowers and leaves.

A kindly word will offer solace bring—
A cup of water ne'er was given in vain!
More blessed still to give than to receive,
A gentle heart delights in soothing pain.

Who hides his treasure in a hedge is poor!
Self is a tyrant of the meanest kind;
The rich are stewards only of their store;
Who needs a guide would never choose the blind!

The love of gain is like a boot of mail
Grown rusty with neglect and want of care;
Alms freely given are joys that never fail
To cleanse the soul, the same as fervent prayer.

In life our heritage is daily bread,
In death a little space on land or sea;
Time is a changing scene of nights and days,
In which we make our mark our destiny.

"Give and it shall be given!" saieth the word,
The Lord will pay the debt in his own way;
Cast on the waters without fear thy bread,
It shall return to thee another day.

Alms, save from sin and death, have oft been said
By holy men who tread the narrow way;
The blessed Saviour will the same declare
To trembling sinners on the judgment day.

No canker, moth or rust can desecrate
The treasure growing brighter in the skies;
We spend or have to gratify ourselves,
But what we *give*, God never will despise.

LAST WORDS.

Doctor Johnson had a horror at the very thought of death. Boswell, his biographer, having too curiously inquired whether we ought not to fortify our minds for the approach of the inevitable doom, the philosopher passively answered: "No, sir! Let it alone. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives." Johnson was seventy-six when he died, and was weighed down by old age and disease; yet at any time he was ill he was very much pleased to be told that he looked better. To an old associate, who said to him that he saw health returning to his cheek Johnson warmly and gratefully said: "Sir! you are one of the kindest friends I ever had." When told that his recovery was hopeless, he said: "Then I will take no more physic—not even opiates; for I have prayed that I might render my soul to God unclouded." When pressed to take more nourishment, as bodily weakness might debilitate his mind, he said, very firmly: "I will take anything but debilitating sustenance—"God bless you, my dear!"—were addressed to the daughter of an old friend, who had come to entreat his blessing.

Very different was the exit of Lord Chesterfield, the famous wit and man of fashion. The last words he was heard to utter were, when the valet, opening the curtains of the bed, announced Mr. Dayroles, an old companion: "Give Dayroles a chair."

The intrepid Duc de Biron, Marshal of France, who was alive a century back, and who had fought at Dettingen and Fontenoy, disgraced his exit by womanish tears and raging imbecility; and the virtuous and pious Erasmus was heard to exclaim, with miserable groans: "Lord! Lord! make an end of it!—make an end of it!"

General Wolf—who, as well as Montcalm, the French commander at the battle of Quebec—was passing away when he heard the cry: "See how they run!" Raising himself on his elbow, he eagerly asked: "Who run?" The answer was: "The enemy!" Wolf exclaimed: "God be praised! I shall die happy"; and, falling back in a convulsive fit, expired. Wolfe died at the early age of thirty-three.

Washington passed out of mortal life at "a ripe old age," but before he had completed the allotted "threescore years and ten." His last words contained directions that his remains were not to be interred until three days after his death; then he calmly felt his own pulse, and breathed his last on December 14th, 1799.

The last words of Lord Nelson, who fell in the moment of victory at Trafalgar, were as brief and as characteristic as Wolfe's had been at Quebec. "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to anchor," and "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

Napoleon, less fortunate, lingered his life away, a disowned captive, in the island prison of St. Helena—a lone rock in the middle of the Atlantic. He passed away on the 5th of May 1821. His last words expressed his feelings. They were, "My God! The French nation! Head of the army!" as if a battle scene were in his mind. France had his latest thought, expressed also in the remarkable sentence in his will: "It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have loved so well!"

The last words of Goethe expressed in the briefest manner possible the passionate quest of his life. He is generally remembered only as a poet and dramatist; but he possessed the rarer quality of being not so much supreme in one walk as eminent in many. He was a man of science, of letters, of the world, of politics—a many sided man—and his last words were, "More light!"

One of Pope's moral essays closes with a well-known compliment to Lord Cobham, to whom it was dedicated. The poet, pursuing the idea that every character has a ruling passion wrote:

"And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death;
Such in those moments as in all the past,
'Oh! save my country, Heaven!' shall be the last."

The poet was no prophet. It is recorded in the "Memories of Hannah More," that Lord Cobham, not being able to carry a glass of jelly to his mouth, got into such a passion that he flung the jelly, glass, and all, into the face of his niece, and died of the exertion.

Byron died at Missolonghi, on April 19th, 1824—of improper treatment, it is believed, which realized his own theory that "more die by the lancet than by the lance." He had lived on a very low diet before he took cold—from riding on a wet saddle—which turned to a fever; and his Italian physician still further weakened his exhausted frame by repeated and copious bleedings. He lost consciousness more than once. On one occasion he talked, as if he were mounting a breach in an assault, calling out, half in English, half in Italian; "Forward! Forward! Courage! Follow me!" Finally he spoke, but confusedly of his wife, sister, and daughter. His last utterances were: "I am not afraid!" and "I have given Greece my time, my means, my health, and now I give her my life! What could I do more?" Then he said: "Now I shall go to sleep," and lay for the next twenty-four hours senseless and motionless, opening his eyes at last for a moment, and dying instantly.

GERMINATIVE FORCE OF SEED.—Some very interesting experiments were made during the course of this past year by the French scientist Mons. Haberlandt to define the lowest temperature in which seeds would sprout. The seeds of most of the agricultural plants, such as wheat, oats, barley, lucerne, etc., were placed in an ice chest whose temperature is 32 degrees, or slightly above it. The seeds were periodically examined in a temperature that was even below 32 degrees. In forty-five days there were signs of sprouting in eight species, whilst fourteen did not show any signs at all. But here the great fact of life, the want of warmth, was powerfully exhibited, for only a majority of the sprouts showed progress in four months; germination beyond mere incipience had ceased in the others. Another fact was illustrated, viz: that long continued exposure to a temperature no lower than 32 degrees will kill vitality altogether in most species of seeds, for all those which had remained in the ice-box for the four months of the experiments only a few were found capable of germinating in a temperature of 60 degrees. From this fact it may be reasonably deduced that farmers should guard their seed grain from too low a temperature during our long winters.

PEARLS BREEDING.—"Traveller," in the London *Field* says: "Once on board a Peninsular and Oriental Company's boat a lady asked me if I had ever seen 'breeding pearls.' Of course I laughed at the idea, but she produced a two-ounce vial, in which were a number of globular bodies of varies sizes, apparently pearls, and some grains of rice. She informed me that the large pearls had been given to her by some Malayan potentate, who told her if she kept them well supplied with rice that they would breed; she assured me that they had done so, and that the 'seed' pearls in the bottle were the produce of the larger once. She would not let me handle them, so I cannot say what they really were, but I have every suspicion that they were grains of rice which constant attrition one against the other had rounded, as barley is made into 'pearl barley.' My friend was fully persuaded that her pearls produced young ones, and consumed the rice, and nothing could convince her to the contrary."

TEXAS HERDERS.—A Texan herder's outfit consists of two donkeys for carrying supplies, a tent, cooking utensils, blankets, a canteen made of tin, and holding five gallons of water, a small Mexican pony, two or three dogs, and tobacco. Shepherds receive from $10 to $15 per month and board, and overseers from $25 to $30. Two men and three dogs can readily take care of 5,000 sheep. Thousands of sheep roam at will over the vast plains, feeding as they go, never sleeping two nights in the same place, except at the home stations. At night these immense herds gather closely around the camp of the shepherd and sleep peacefully, guarded by well-trained Scotch dogs, who exhibit wonderful sagacity and prowess in their midnight vigils, holding at bay the fiercest wolf until by their furious barking they awaken their masters. An area of from ten to twenty miles will be grazed by an ordinary herd in a single day.—*Ex.*

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

THE

Cheapest Store in Bucks County.

WE are constantly receiving immense quantities of goods of every description at prices which surprise our numerous customers, who wonder at their extreme cheapness. We are still selling a large paper of pins for 2 cents. The best Spool Cotton—Clark's, Coates' or Willimantic, for 6 cts.; calico, warranted fast colors, 5 cts. We have just received from auction an elegant assortment of feathers, breasts and wings, which we are selling for 10 and 25 cents. We have all colors of turquoise for hats trimming, at 40, 50 and 50 cts per yard. Also velveteen and velvets at 40 cents yard.

The fashionable metal belts, so much worn, 20 cts. We guarante to sell the cheapest embroidery to be found anywhere, 5 cts. yard, up to $1. Who would not buy a pure linen handkerchief for 7 cts? Who ever heard of a real lace collar for 25 cts.? We have a large lot purchased from an importer who suddenly became rich—("over the left".) We have also a good horse blanket for $1, and a splendid large size bed blanket for $1.25, an elegant quilt for $1.50. We almost give shoes away; child's shoes, 15, 20, 25 cts., up to 75 cts. Ladies—35, 65, 75 cts. up to $2 per pair. Gents' heavy brogans, $1; men's heavy boots, $2.50 pair; boy's boots, $1.50 to $2; gents' fine hand made calf boots, $3.75; Congress Gaiters, $1.25, $1.40 and $1.50 a pair. Elegant tumblers 45 cts. dozen; splendid goblets 50 and 60 cents dozen; a good lamp for 25, 35 and 40 cts, complete; individual salt cellars, 10 to 25 cents dozen; really worth 50 cents. A large and ver. cheap line of glassware and crockery. We defy any one to sell these goods as cheap as we do. Call in and see it before purchasing elsewhere.

We have fit-class working pants, made to order, for $1.25—also, a good pair of pants for $1. We have a large stock of men's and boys' undershirts and drawers, which we are selling at lowest figures. A good undershirt 30 and 35 cts; a fine white undershirt 30 and 35 cts; a fine white undershirt, 40 cts; men's strong working shirts 40 and 45 cts; blue flannel shirts $1; overalls, knit jackets, suspenders, collars, linen pocadillys, 2 for 25 cts; neckties, cuffs, &c., very cheap. Mens hats, 50 cents to $1; gents' stiff felt hats, 75 cts. We are agents for the "Pearl" white shirt, warranted 3 ply linen bosom, and best muslin for $1, equal to any $2 shirt sold in other stores. We have a full and complete line of groceries at city prices. Black or green tea, 30 cts. lb; rio coffee 22 and 25 cts. lb; stove polish, 3 cts; soaps 3 and 4 cts., pepper 7 cts. qr; barley, 7 cts. lb; pure spices at lowest prices; wash blue 2 for 5 cts; washing crystal 2 for 5 cts; new mackerel, 35 cts. qr dozen; dark syrup molasses 30 cts. gallon; sugars always the lowest; hams at wholesale prices; Germantown wool 15 cts. oz; zephyr 14 cts. oz.

We cannot be undersold, our facilities and connections are so great, and we are so well posted that we defy any one in Bucks county, or any other county, to buy and sell as cheap as we do. All those who travel to the city to make purchases are making a grand mistake. They lose their time, fare and expenses for nothing, for we guarantee to sell on the average cheaper than the city stores. Do not forget the cheapest Store in Bucks county, 68 Mill street, corner Mill and Wood, Bristol. J. H. WOOD.

Wholesale agent for compressed Vienna Yeast. Philadelphia office, No. 6 Strawberry Street

LOOK HERE!

For Six Weeks from the 1st of June

I will take One Dozen CARTE DE VISITES PHOTOGRAPHS for TWO DOLLARS, just half price.

I have also invented a new mode of lighting the face during the sitting, which will give the face more roundness and clearness.

Now is Your Chance for Six Weeks Only.

J. H. BOSTWICK.

Time Extended Indefinitely,

COME ON YOU THAT WANT CHEAP PICTURES,

TWO DOLLARS PER DOZEN,

Now and forever. Don't be afraid. The experiment is not a failure J. H. BOSTWICK.

816

JOSEPH PARKER,

DRUGGIST,

No. 63 Mill Street, Bristol,

WOULD respectfully inform the people of Bristol and vicinity that he will keep constantly on hand a well selected stock of

PURE DRUGS,

Patent Medicines,

CHEMICALS, &c.,

Fancy and Toilet Articles,

PERFUMERY,

Pure Wines and Liquors

for strictly medicinal purposes. Also a new stock of PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, PUTTY, DYE STUFFS, &c.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded.

Ice Cold Soda with Choice Syrups, Five Cents per glass. 831

Pennsylvania Railroad

NEW YORK DIVISION.

On and after July 1, 1877,

Trains to and from Bristol Station

For Philadelphia.

Kensington Depot, 7:13, 7:40, 8:26, 9:39 A. M., 12:46, 4:05, 7:21, and 9:17, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:35, 10:34 A. M. and 12:35, 3:09, and 9:36 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:46 and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 9:38 P. M.

For New York.

At 1:10, 6:45, 9:11, 9:23, and 11:46 A. M., 2:44, 6:21, and 7:41 P. M. Sunday trains 9:21 A. M., and 8:17 P. M.

For Trenton.

At 6:45, 7:58, 9:24, 11:09, and 11:47 A. M., 2:44, 3:59, 4:54, 5:14, 6:12, 6:21, 7:05, and 7:44, P. M. On Sunday, 9:21 (9:53), A. M. and 2:49, 8:17, P. M.

For Morrisville, Tullytown, Newportville, Croydon, Eddington, Cornwells, Torresdale, Holmesburg, Tacony, Wissinoming, Bridesburg, Frankford Junction, Tacony and Intermediate Stations, 7:58, 11:09, 11:47, A. M., 2:59, 4:34, and 6:12 P. M. On Sundays, 9:21 (9:53), A. M. and 2:49 P. M.

For Bristol, Florence, Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Delanco, Edgewater Park, Palmyra, Riverside, Delair, Rancocas, Mount Holly, Lumberton, Vincentown, Pemberton, Birmingham, Mount Holly, Smithville, Jacksonville, Lumberton, New Lisbon, Wrightstown, Cookstown, Hanover, Jobstown, Juliustown, Crosswicks, Extonville, Allentown, Imlaystown, Davisville, Monmouth Junction, Jamesburg, Spotswood, Jamesburg Junction, Monmouth Junction, Dayton, South Amboy, Perth Amboy, Metuchen, Metuchen Junction, Menlo Park, Edison, Rahway, Carteret, Woodbridge, Avenel, Iselin